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THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH SKETCHES OF THE

LIVES

OF

THE AUTHORS,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

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KÖNIGL. BAYER. BIBLIOTHEK BAMBERG

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, Esq.

THE seven former volumes of the *Spectator* having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

YOU are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past atchievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I MAY possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour, on this occasion, to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune; nor any other the like perfections, which you possess whether you will or no; but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

YOUR janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth (which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female), are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite WALLER hath made insipid poets.

AT present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without further thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves Philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it

spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life: I mean in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you shewed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I MUST own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight and forty (where you had stuck so many years) very ingenuously stept into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum; and, if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life as it ever did in the gallantries of the town: and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate.

AFTER having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore

beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of shewing Mrs HONEYCOMB the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to its proper author: though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very judiciously erred in this particular, before they were let into the secret. I am,

SIR *,

Your most faithful,

Most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

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* WILL HONEYCOMB is thought to mean Col. CLELAND.—This Dedication is supposed to have been written by Mr E. BUDGELL.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

In the six hundred and thirty-second Spectator, the reader will find an account of the rise of this eighth and last volume *.

I have not been able to prevail upon the several gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the reader, that no other papers, which have appeared under the title of *Spectator* since the closing of this eighth volume, were written by any of those gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former volumes.

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* After the *Spectator* had been laid down about a year and an half, in which interval the *Guardian*, and its sequel the *Englishman*, were published, "an attempt was made to revive it; a time by no means favourable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion. Either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into *this* eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any one of those that went before it.

"Addison produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates.

"The time that had passed during the suspension of the *Spectator*, though it had not lessened Addison's power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series. The *Spectator*, from its recommencement, was published only three times a week, and no discriminative marks were added to the papers." Johnson's *Lives*.

THE

SPECTATOR.

NO. 556.—FRIDAY, JUNE 18. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 471.

So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
And casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides:
High o'er the grass, hissing, he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue. DRYDEN.

OPENING OF THE SPECTATOR'S MOUTH.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy, as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, till I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs, of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising

change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history since that which happened to the son of CROESUS, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech consisting of about half-a-dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring, however, to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found, that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffee-houses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I

was a Tory at BUTTON'S, and a Whig at CHILD'S, a friend to the *Englishman*, or an advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though in reality I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

——————Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi—————— HOR. I. SAT. iii. 18.

Nothing was ever so unlike itself.

My old acquaintance scarce know me: nay, I was asked the other day by a Jew at JONATHAN'S, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman who used to come to that coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the university, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong

idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not in my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men; and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: till which time I must intreat the courteous reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way (*a*).

NO. 557.—MONDAY, JUNE 21. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.
VIRG. ÆN. i. 665.
He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

LETTER FROM THE AMBASSADOR OF BANTAM TO HIS MASTER.

"THERE is nothing (says PLATO) so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of CATO, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by PLUTARCH. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were CATO himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while CATO was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man, however, ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher (*a*). I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

"The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

"The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance, and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way."

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King CHARLES II's reign by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

"MASTER,

"THE people, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from London to Bantam; and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this place to meet me, told me, 'That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.' I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told

me, by my interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged the first week at the house of one who desired me *to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.* Accordingly I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the *lord treasurer*, that I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity! However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

"At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking *ten thousand pardons* of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou would'st order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negociate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou would'st fancy that the whole nation are physicians; for the first question they always ask me is, *How I do?* I have this question put to me above a hundred times a-day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though

at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner: but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam."

NO. 558.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Qui fit, MÆCENAS, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent FABIUM. Ne te morrer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis DEUS, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.

HOR. I. SAT. i. 1.

Whence is't, MÆCENAS, that so few approve
The state they're plac'd in, and incline to rove:
Whether against their will by fate impos'd,
Or by consent and prudent choice espous'd?
Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,
Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign:
There an engagement soon decides your doom,
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,
When, at the dawn, the clients break his rest.

The farmer, having put in bail t' appear,
And forc'd to town, cries they are happiest there:
With thousands more of this inconstant race,
Would tire e'en FABIUS to relate each case.
Not to detain you longer, pray attend
The issue of all this—Should JOVE descend,
And grant to every man his rash demand,
To run his lengths with a neglectful hand;
First, grant the harass'd warrior a release,
Bid him go trade, and try the faithless seas,
To purchase treasure and declining ease:
Next call the pleader from his learned strife,
To the calm blessings of a country life:
And, with these separate demands, dismiss
Each suppliant to enjoy the promis'd bliss:
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Though proffer'd to be happy from above.

HORNECK.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES—A VISION.

IT is a celebrated thought of SOCRATES, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. HORACE has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper; which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by JUPITER, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magni-

fying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be POVERTY. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these burdens of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called

the *Spleen*. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

NO. 559.—FRIDAY, JUNE 25. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

> Quid causæ est, merito quin illis JUPITER ambas
> Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
> Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
>
> HOR. I. SAT. i. 20.

> Were it not just that JOVE, provok'd to heat,
> Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd seat,
> And unrelenting stand when they intreat? HORNECK.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES, A VISION—CONTINUED.

IN my last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, JUPITER issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself; and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had lain down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had

like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with: whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I

missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. JUPITER, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon JUPITER: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity; and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own

misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings: for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

NO. 560.—MONDAY, JUNE 28. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Verba intermissa retentat.

OVID. MET. i. 746.

He tries his tongue; his silence softly breaks.

DRYDEN.

ON SPEAKING.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjurer, who, according to the opinion of the vulgar, has studied himself *dumb;* for which reason, it is believed, he delivers out all his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind TIRESIAS was not more famous in Greece than this dumb artist has been for some years last past in the cities of London and Westminster. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours me with the following epistle.

" SIR, *From my Cell, June* 24. 1714.

" BEING informed that you have lately got the use of your tongue, I have some thoughts of following your example, that I may be a *fortune-teller* properly speaking. I am grown weary of my taciturnity; and having served my country many years under the title of the *dumb-doctor*, I shall now prophesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr LEE says of the magpy, who you know was a great fortune-teller among the ancients) *chatter* futurity. I have hitherto chosen to receive questions and return answers in writing, that I might avoid the tediousness and trouble of debates, my querists being generally of a humour to think, that they have never predictions enough

for their money. In short, Sir, my case has been something like that of those discreet animals the monkeys, who, as the Indians tell us, can speak if they would, but purposely avoid it, that they may not be made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood by holding my tongue, but shall now open my mouth in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound in my first solutions and responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any want of foresight, but to the long disuse of speech. I doubt not by this invention to have all my former customers over again; for if I have promised any of them lovers or husbands, riches or good luck, it is my design to confirm to them *viva voce* what I have already given them under my hand. If you will honour me with a visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my mouth; and if you please you may make an entertaining dialogue out of the conversation of two dumb men. Excuse this trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time

Your silent admirer,

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA."

I have received the following letter, or rather *billet-doux*, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same occasion.

"MY DEAR MR PRATE APACE, *June* 23. 1714.

"I AM a member of a female society who call ourselves the *chit-chat* club, and am ordered by the whole sisterhood to congratulate you upon the use of your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to hear you talk; and if you will take your place among us for an evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one minute in ten without interruption.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

S. T."

"*P.S.* You may find us at my Lady BETTY CLACK'S, who will leave orders with her porter, that if an elderly gentleman, with a short face, inquires for her, he shall be admitted, and no questions asked."

As this particular paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the same nature.

"SIR, *Oxford, June* 25. 1714.

"WE are here wonderfully pleased with the opening of your mouth, and very frequently open ours in approbation of your design, especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your taciturnity as to all party matters. We do not question but you are as great an orator as Sir HUDIBRAS, of whom the poet sweetly sings,

——————He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

If you will send us down the half dozen well turned periods that produced such dismal effects in your muscles, we will deposit them near an old manuscript of TULLY's orations, among the archives of the university; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable accident recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of CROESUS; nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added BALAAM's ass. We are impatient to see more of your productions, and expect what words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those who were set to watch the speaking head which Friar BACON formerly erected in this place.

We are, worthy Sir,

Your most humble servants,

B. R. T. D. &c."

"HONEST SPEC, *Middle-Temple, June* 24.

"I AM very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate, and find by thy yesterday's vision, thou art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear talking in thy sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other men; for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer, if thou dost not intend to use the phrases in fashion, as thou callest them in thy second paper. Hast thou a mind to pass for a Banto-

mite, or to make us all Quakers? I do assure thee, dear SPEC, I am not polished out of my veracity, when I subscribe myself

Thy constant admirer,
And humble servant,
FRANK TOWNLY."

NO. 561.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Paulatim abolere SICHÆUM
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 724.

Put he——
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all ÆNEAS enters in her mind. DRYDEN.

ACCOUNT OF THE WIDOW'S CLUB.

"SIR,

I AM a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word *settlement*. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learned several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen who are commonly distinguished by the name of *widow-hunters*, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the *widow-club*. This club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a-week round a large oval table.

"I. Mrs PRESIDENT is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follows:

"II. Mrs SNAP, who has four jointures by four different bed-fellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the counties in England on this side the Trent.

"III. Mrs MEDLAR, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

"IV. The Widow QUICK, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

"V. Lady CATHERINE SWALLOW. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

"IV. The Lady WADDLE. She was married in the 15th year of her age to Sir SIMON WADDLE, Knt. aged three-score and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the 55th year of her age she was married to JAMES SPINDLE, Esq; a youth of one-and-twenty, who did not outlive the honey-moon.

"VII. DEBORAH CONQUEST. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir SAMPSON CONQUEST, some time justice of the quorum. Sir SAMPSON was seven feet high, and two feet in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir SAMPSON. At length Mrs DEBORAH undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sir SAMPSON's three victories to hers, and give her the merit

of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

VIII. The Widow WILDFIRE, relict of Mr JOHN WILDFIRE, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much to heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young Templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short lived a favourite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the Widow WILDFIRE to the 37th year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when JOHN FELT, haberdasher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

"IX. The last is pretty Mrs RUNNET, who broke her first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club, but soon after left it upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a dispatch of, that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will probably be in the president's chair before she dies.

"These ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room; but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls: upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husband's in miniature.

"As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the colic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly

that they do not weep so much for the loss of a husband as for the want of one.

"The principal rule by which the whole society are to govern themselves is this, to cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and ingross the whole male world to themselves.

"They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

"Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands; and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good natured man, till at last, to use the club phrase, 'they sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.'

"The politics, which are mostly cultivated by this society of She-Machiavels, relate chiefly to these two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

"The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any

former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection till he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

"After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,
Your humble servant, &c."

NO. 562.—FRIDAY, JULY 2. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Presens, absens ut sies. TER. EUN. ACT. i. SC. 2.

Be present as if absent.

ON EGOTISM.

"IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself (says COWLEY); it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him." Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of TULLY in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. "Does he think (says BRUTUS) that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting CÆSAR to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the ides of March as he is of the nones of December?" I need not acquaint my learned reader, that, in the ides of March, BRUTUS destroyed CÆSAR, and that CICERO quashed the conspiracy of CATILINE in the kalends of December. How shocking soever this great man's talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides that, there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how

the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentlemen of Port Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as arising from vain glory and self-conceit. To show their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an *Egotism;* a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading is that of Cardinal WOLSEY, *Ego et rex meus*, "I and my king;" as perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was MONTAGNE the author of the celebrated essays. This lively old *Gascon* has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an essay promises perhaps a discourse upon VIRGIL or JULIUS CÆSAR; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur MONTAGNE than of either of them. The younger SCALIGER, who seems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words: *La grande fadaise de* MONTAGNE, *qui a ecrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc—Que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavior ce qu'il aime?* "For my part, says MONTAGNE, I am a great lover of your white wines—What the devil signifies it to the public, says SCALIGER, whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?"

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists, for whom I have always had a mortal aversion, I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces savour very strongly of the egotism. Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle

hours, that it was published at the importunity of friends; or that his natural temper, studies, or conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject.

——Id populus curat scilicet.

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character: though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are egotists in conversation: These are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of egotists which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty conceited fellows who repeat, as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, that as he and JACK Such-a-one were together, one or the other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of TERENCE, *Tumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in

print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and he is never facetious but when he knows his company.

NO. 563.—MONDAY, JULY 5. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Magni nominis umbra. LUCAN i. 135.

The shadow of a mighty name.

LETTERS.

I SHALL entertain my reader with two very curious letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical person, who I believe never writ to any body before.

" SIR,

" I AM descended from the ancient family of the BLANKS, a name well known among all men of business. It is always read in those little white spaces of writing which want to be filled up, and which for that reason are called *blank* spaces, as of right appertaining to our family; for I consider myself as the lord of a manor, who lays his claim to all wastes or spots of ground that are unappropriated. I am a near kinsman to JOHN A STILES and JOHN A NOKES; and they, I am told, came in with the Conqueror. I am mentioned oftener in both houses of parliament than any other person in Great Britain. My name is written, or, more properly speaking, not written, thus, I am one that can turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any shape whatsoever. I can make myself man, woman, or child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a year of our LORD, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. I very often represent a sum of money, and am generally the first subsidy that is granted to the crown. I have now and then supplied the place of several thousands of land soldiers, and have been as frequently employed in the sea service.

"Now, Sir, my complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper person is found out to fill up my place.

"If you have ever been in the playhouse before the curtain rises, you see most of the front boxes filled with men of my family, who forthwith turn out and resign their stations upon the appearance of those for whom they are retained.

"But the most illustrious branch of the BLANKS are those who are planted in high posts till such time as persons of greater consequence can be found out to supply them. One of those BLANKS is equally qualified for all offices; he can serve in time of need for a soldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a brother BLANK that has been born under a lucky planet heap up great riches, and swell into a man of figure and importance, before the grandees of his party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his place. Nay, I have known a BLANK continue so long in one of these vacant posts (for such it is to be reckoned all the time a blank is in it), that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

"But to return to myself. Since I am so very commodious a person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated governments, I desire you will take my case into consideration, that I may be no longer made a tool of, and only employed to stop a gap. Such usage, without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all which reasons I humbly recommend myself to your protection; and am

Your most obedient servant,

BLANK."

"*P. S.* I herewith send you a paper, drawn up by a country-attorney, employed by two gentlemen whose names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it a blank instrument, and read it after the following manner. You may see by this single instance of what use I am to the busy world.

"I, T. BLANK, Esq. of Blanktown, in the county of Blank, do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank to GOODMAN BLANK, for the service he did me in procuring for me the goods following, BLANK; and I do hereby promise the said BLANK, to pay unto him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank."

I shall take time to consider the case of this my imaginary correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my reader with a letter which seems to come from a person that is made up of flesh and blood.

"GOOD MR SPECTATOR,

"I AM married to a very honest gentleman that is exceedingly good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best-humoured creature in the world. When he is angry he breaks all my china-ware that chances to lie in his way, and the next morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a child's fortune since we were first married together.

"As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within reach of his cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a stick in his hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great jar that cost him above ten pounds but the week before. I then laid the fragments together in a heap, and gave him his cane again, desiring him, that if he chanced to be in anger, he would spend his passion upon the china that was broke to his hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a wrong message to one of the servants, he flew into such a rage that he swept down a dozen tea-dishes, which, to my misfortune, stood very convenient for a side-blow.

"I then removed all my china into a room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my looking-glasses immediately went to rack.

"In short, Sir, whenever he is in a passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such occasions he

had nothing to vent his rage upon, I do not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be any cure for this unaccountable distemper; or, if not, that you will be pleased to publish this letter; for my husband, having a great veneration for your writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his conduct. I am,

Your most humble servant, &c."

NO. 564.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 7. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN]

——————Adsit
Regula peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.
HOR. I. SAT. III. 117.

Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain;
And do not flay him, who deserves alone
A whipping for the faults that he hath done. CREECH.

MIXTURE OF VIRTUE AND VICE IN THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed myself, I cannot help observing how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into human nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, and that mens characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less proportion, in

every one; and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular passions.

Men have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join extremities than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illustrated in XENOPHON's life of CYRUS the Great. That author tells us that CYRUS having taken a most beautiful lady named PANTHEA, the wife of ABRADATUS, committed her to the custody of ARASPAS, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in discourse, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to CYRUS, that he not only solicited the lady PANTHEA to receive him in the room of her absent husband, but that finding his entreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make use of force. CYRUS, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him; and in a gentle manner representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows.

"Oh CYRUS, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pant after virtue and vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls: when the good soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad."

I know not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil; I might carry this reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their actions. If, on the one hand, we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If, on the other hand, we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first maxims, "It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience;" which is as much as to say, in other words, that since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall on particular persons in particular occasions, which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this, however, as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the teeth of the common law in cases of mens properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by PLUTARCH, with which I shall close my paper for this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a body, fought with a

resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs; yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amazement of both armies, as ISADAS the son of PHOEDIBAS, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his clothes, much less his armour; however, transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an exigency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury; in what part soever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound. Whether, says PLUTARCH, he was the particular care of some god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies, struck with the unusualness of his dress and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man, I shall not determine.

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the Ephori, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him in a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

NO. 565.—FRIDAY, JULY 9. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——DEUM namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 221.

For GOD the whole created mass inspires;
Through heaven and earth, and ocean's depths, He throws
His influence round, and kindles as He goes. DRYDEN.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DIVINITY.

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season

of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which MILTON takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. DAVID himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of GOD's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of the planetary world that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our

discoveries. HUYGENIUS carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with sacred horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under His care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of Nature, and lost amongst that infinite variety of creatures which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than to another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of His works, and the infinity of those objects among which He seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that He is omnipresent; and, in the second, that He is omniscient.

If we consider Him in His omnipresence, His being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of Nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of Him. There is nothing He has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which He does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in Him, were He able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw Himself from any thing He has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of Him in the language of the old philosopher, He is a being whose centre is everywhere, and His circumference nowhere.

In the second place, He is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from His omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which He thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which He is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of GOD, which He has built with His own hands, and which is filled with His presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as GOD Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which He resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is as it were an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it, for millions of years, continue its progress thro' infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body He is not less present with us, because He is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find Him (says JOB)! Behold I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He does work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that He cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding He is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of GOD Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of His creatures who fear they are not regarded by Him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible He should overlook any of His creatures, so we may be confident that He regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to His notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that He should be mindful of them.

NO. 566.—MONDAY, JULY 12. 1714.

[FROM THE LETTER-BOX.]

Militiæ species amor est.—— OVID. ARS AM. ii. 233.

Love is a kind of warfare.

LOVE AND WAR.

As my correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myself obliged to take some notice of them, and shall therefore make this paper a miscellany of letters. I have, since my reassuming the office of *Spectator*, re-

ceived abundance of epistles from gentlemen of the blade, who, I find, have been so used to action, that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of opinion, that the fair at home ought to reward them for their services abroad; and that, till the cause of their country calls them again into the field, they have a sort of right to quarter themselves upon the ladies. In order to favour their reproaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the accomplishments of their profession, and by others to give them my advice in the carrying on of their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen say for themselves.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"THOUGH it may look somewhat perverse, amidst the arts of peace, to talk too much of war, it is but gratitude to pay the last office to its *Manes*, since even peace itself is, in some measure, obliged to it for its being.

"You have, in your former papers, always recommended the accomplished to the favour of the fair; and, I hope, you will allow me to represent some part of a military life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a gentleman. I need not tell you that in France, whose fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his pretences to merit from the sword; and that a man has scarce the face to make his court to a lady without some credentials from the service to recommend him. As the profession is very ancient, we have reason to think some of the greatest men among the old Romans derived many of their virtues from it; their commanders being frequently in other respects some of the most shining characters of the age.

"The army not only gives a man opportunities of exercising these two great virtues, *patience* and *courage*, but often produces them in minds where they had scarce any footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best schools in the world to receive a general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom of behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other place. At the same time I must own, that some military airs are pretty extraordinary; and that a man who goes into the army

a coxcomb, will come out of it a sort of public nuisance: but a man of sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in Monsieur ROCHEFOUCALT, than that 'a man, who has been bred up wholly to business, can never get the air of a courtier at court, but will immediately catch it in the camp." The reason of this most certainly is, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of an humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that 'he wanted nothing but the dash of a coxcomb in him;' by which he understood a little of that alertness and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

"You will easily guess, Sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myself a soldier; and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success in this part of the service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune in the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations; and, though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of honour; and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the coun-

try. This, as I take it, would be following the example of LUCIUS CINCINNATUS, the old Roman dictator, who at the end of a war left the camp to follow the plough. I am, Sir, with all imaginable respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILL WARLY."

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I AM an half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the man she could like. She usually admits her humble admirers to an audience or two; but, after she has once given them denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a female relation that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approaches, I desire your advice, whether I had best storm or proceed by way of sap. I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

"*P. S.* I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her out-works, that is, secured her maid."

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE assisted at several sieges in the Low Countries, and being still willing to employ my talents as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at seven of the clock before the door of an obstinate female, who had for some time refused me admittance. I made a lodgement in an outer parlour about twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet I still pursued; and about two of the clock this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are indeed somewhat high in relation to the settlement of her fortune: but being in possession of the house, I intend to insist upon *carte blanche*; and am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her

into a compliance. I beg your speedy advice; and am, Sir,

Your's,

PETER PUSH.

"From my camp in Red-Lion Square, Saturday, four in the afternoon."

NO. 567.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 14. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 493.

——The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.

DRYDEN.

ON PARTY SCANDAL.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book; and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *b*, a *T* and an *r* (*a*), with a short line between them, has sold many insipid pamphlets. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written *&c*——'*s*.

A sprinkling of the words *faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an *Italic* character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser: not to mention *scribbler*, *liar*, *rogue*, *rascal*, *knave*, and *villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an inuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that difference which is due to them from every private per-

son. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of these mysterious works, that he is able to decypher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors, indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T——M BR——WN, of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire; and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

"If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Engl-shm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears me name ***, with his first friend and favourite ***, not to mention ***, nor ***. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch, as long as they please, but to make use of a homely proverb, The proof of the pudding is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate, (and we have Monsieur Z————N's words for it), our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my lady Q-P-T-S has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a——? I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though he were a B——Y or a T————Y. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a bl-nd-rb-ss, &c. &c."

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is

written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader as some ingenious writers do their enigmas; and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and if he pleases acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this modern race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my English reader, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

NO. 568.—FRIDAY, JULY 16. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus. MART. EPIG. XXXIX. I.
Reciting makes it thine.

INTERPRETATION OF INNUENDOS.

I WAS yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax-candle that stood before them: and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last *Spectator*, and casting my eye over it, "The SPECTATOR, says I, is very witty to day:" upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, "Ay, says he, more witty than wise, I am afraid." His

neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: "This fellow (says he), can't for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?" I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks? "Asterisks (says he) do you call them? they are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines: ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! our clergy are very much beholden to him." Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither: "For (says he) you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding. A fig for his dash, says the angry politician. In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length, if he means honestly? I have read over the whole sentence (says I); but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who (says I) is my Lady Q-P-T-S? Ay, answer that if you can, Sir," says the furious statesman to the poor Whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, "I do assure you (says he) were I my lady Q-P-T-S, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the world come to? Must every body be allowed to ——?" He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady Q-P-T-S's name: "But, however (says I), he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much

as a consonant to direct us. I mean (says I) after those words, the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean should be wind-bound for the sake of a ——; after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough. Sir, says my antagonist, you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at: but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B—Y's and T—T's, treated after so scurrilous a manner? I can't for my life (says I) imagine who they are the SPECTATOR means? No! says he, ——Your humble servant, Sir!" Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who, I found, was his great admirer. The Whig, however, had begun to conceive a good will towards me, and seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the *overwise*, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together; and never sees vice or folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who, upon reading over *The Whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that some body had written a book against the 'squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place having at that time a controversy with

some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, till the good man set the people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England.

NO. 569.—MONDAY, JULY 19. 1712.

[BY ADDISON.]

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus.—— HOR. ARS POET. 434.

Wise were the kings who never chose a friend
'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts. ROSCOMMON.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. ANACHARSIS, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is intitled to the reward: on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest WILL FUNNEL, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of Port, half a kilderken of small beer, nineteen barrels of Cyder, and three glasses of Champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as WILL FUNNEL, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which GOD has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. BONOSUS, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune, of the person who *is* devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined: but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul and show itself: it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, "Put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you will quickly make her so." Wine heightens indifference into love; love into jealousy; and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often

occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of SENECA, That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the third bottle is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to PUBLIUS SYRIUS, *Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem*: "He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to show the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

NO. 570.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 22. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Nugæque canoræ. HOR. ARS POET. 322.
Chiming trifles. ROSCOMMON.

ON AMBITION.

THERE is scarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition,

by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame; others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop;

> Cætera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem
> Delassare valent FABIUM —— HOR. I. SAT. 13.
>
> With thousands more of this ambitious race,
> Would tire e'en FABIUS to relate each case. HORNECK.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the master of the house acommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me, that he had sometimes the honour "to treat him with a whistle (adding by the way of parenthesis); for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe." This naturally put me upon desiring him to gave us a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and after having slid the small end of them over the table, in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical-pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and

told me, that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and grating it upon a board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a bass-viol. He then took his seat with us at the table; and hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing it out he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend had an agreeable bass, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan: and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen-music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention, as SAPPHO could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments, and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterwards, of his own accord, fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I toasted our mistresses to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the sky-lark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very easy and regular descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader, that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toy-shop near Temple-Bar; and that the famous CHARLES MATHERS was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world are chiefly owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over a bottle of wine, which he sells at the Queen's Arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-Garden.

NO. 571.—FRIDAY, JULY 23. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Cœlum quid quærimus ultra? LUC.
What seek we beyond heaven?

CONSIDERATION OF THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD AS AN INCENTIVE TO PIETY AND VIRTUE.

As the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former *Spectator*, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

" SIR,

" In your paper of Friday the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead; and at the same time to show, that as He is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that His omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

I. How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this His presence!

II. How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects, from this His presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

III. How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of His mercy and loving-kindness!

" *First*, How disconsolate is the condition of an intel-

lectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this His presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts in the brute creation do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his Holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and everywhere about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no GOD in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

"We may assure ourselves that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him? He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames

to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

"But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of JOB, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition; "Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, *Thirdly*, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

"The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of GOD is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and en-

liven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between GOD and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

"If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct SENECA to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

NO. 572.—MONDAY, JULY 26. 1714.

[BY DR PEARCE.]

——Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici. —— HOR. 2. EP. i. 115.
Physicians only boast the healing art.

ON QUACKS.

I AM the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents. I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

" THE desire of life is so natural and strong a passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of physic finds among us. Well constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. HOMER'S MACHAON and VIRGIL'S IAPIS, were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at least as much havoc among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack, will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary GALENS as a laced hat for a Merry Andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

" There is scarce a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe, who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it, he

comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of those public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience, "That he had been born and bred there, and that having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it." The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown piece, he drew out an handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place; the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith-men.

"There is another branch of pretenders to this art, who, without either horse or pickle-herring, lie snug in a garret, and send down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertisements. These seem to have derived their custom from an eastern nation which HERODOTUS speaks of, among whom it was a law, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the distemper, should be fixed in some public place; but as customs will corrupt, these our moderns provide themselves of persons to attest the cure before they publish or make an experiment of the prescription. I have heard of a porter, who serves as a knight of the post under one of these operators, and, though he was never sick in his life, has been cured of all the diseases in the dispensary. These are the men whose sagacity has invented elixirs of all sorts, pills and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their medicines 'are infallible, and never fail of success,' that is, of enriching the doctor, and setting the patient effectually at rest.

"I lately dropped into a coffee-house at Westminster, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the Anodyne Fotus, English pills, electuaries, and, in short, more re-

medies than I believe there are diseases. At the sight of so many inventions, I could not but imagine myself in a kind of arsenal or magazine, where store of arms were reposited against any sudden invasion. Should you be attacked by the enemy sidewise, here was an infallible piece of defensive armour to cure the pleurisy; should a distemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable helmet, or, in the language of the artist, a cephalic tincture: if your main body be assaulted, here are various kinds of armour in case of various onsets. I began to congratulate the present age upon the happiness men might reasonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated, and when pain itself would be of so short a duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the value of pleasure: while I was in these thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a story of an ingenious gentleman of the last age, who lying violently afflicted with the gout, a person came and offered his service to cure him by a method which, he assured him, was infallible: the servant who received the message carried it up to his master, who inquiring whether the person came on foot or in a chariot? and being informed that he was on foot, 'Go (says he) send the knave about his business; was his method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his coach and six.' In like manner I concluded, that had all these advertisers arrived to that skill they pretend to, they would have had no need for so many years successively to publish to the world the place of their abode, and the virtues of their medicines. One of these gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanness; what effects it may have had upon those who have tried it, I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himself of that distemper. Could each of them produce so good an instance of the success of his medicines, they might soon persuade the world into an opinion of them.

"I observe that most of the bills agree in one expression, viz. that (with GOD's blessing) they perform such and such cures; this expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if

ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater share in it than VIRGIL's IAPIS in the curing of ÆNEAS: he tried his skill, was very assiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only visible means that relieved the hero; but the poet assures us it was the particular assistance of a deity that speeded the operation. An English reader may see the whole story in Mr DRYDEN's translation.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around,
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
But now the goddess-mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief,
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd;
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This VENUS brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews,
And od'rous Panace: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands:
And pours it in a bowl already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment eas'd the raging smart.
Staunch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
IAPIS first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found:
Arms! arms! he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor arts effect, but done by hands divine."

NO. 573.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 28. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Castigata remordent. JUV. SAT. ii. 35.

Chastised, the accusation they retort.

LETTER FROM A WIDOW WHO HAD BURIED SIX HUSBANDS, CONSULTING THE SPECTATOR ABOUT A SEVENTH.

My paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs PRESIDENT, as follows:

"SMART SIR,

"You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs PRESIDENT as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen, by my uncle and guardian (as I afterwards discovered), by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy; if he kissed my chambermaid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my house-keeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? And while she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike

familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, till it pleased Heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the honourable EDWARD WAITFORT was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr WAITFORT is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best natured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him, for designing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms; and, from several blushes and side-glances, concluded himself the favourite; and when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear, and pitied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married Sir NICHOLAS FRIBBLE of sixty years of age. You know, Sir, the case of Mrs MEDLAR; I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage; and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had

been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married three weeks afterwards JOHN STURDY, Esq; his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr WAITFORT, but I found he could stay, and besides he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my year was out; so privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr STURDY for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr STURDY was just five-and-twenty, about six feet high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old FRIBBLE again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions; however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chace in which he broke his neck. Mr WAITFORT began his addresses anew; and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young officer in the Guards, that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr WAITFORT heard of it, and read me such an insolent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married, I received a penitential letter from the Honourable Mr EDWARD WAITFORT, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love: I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, showing it to my new spouse, and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time: my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt chariot and six, in fine trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the groom-porter's; and my diamond neck-lace, which was stole I did not know how, I met in the street upon JENNY WHEADLE'S neck. My plate vanished piece by piece; and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too by running him through

the body. Mr WAITFORT was still in love, and told me so again; and to prevent all fears of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands: but now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in showing the young flirts about town, it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense; this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord FRIDAY. I proposed from my rank and his estate to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken? He was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched; I suffered, however, more with him than with all my others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails; it was impossible to tell what would please him; what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained; he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all: my good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr GRUEL; from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints; the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption: to shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it, and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our uneasinesses. After his death I did not expect to hear any more of Mr WAITFORT; I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifferency. I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great fortune: it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin WISHWELL, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with RUSSEL; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out of one's head as a new one;

and, at the same time, proposed to me a kinsman of hers. You understand enough of the world (said she) to know money is the most valuable consideration; he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long: he has a cough that must carry him off soon. I knew afterwards she had given the self-same character of me to him; but however I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came; he had the same fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr WAITFORT came to make me a visit; he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dead lord; that as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration, but I composed my face to a grave air, and said, the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart, that, in a rash jealous fit, I had married a man I could never have thought on if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr WAITFORT had like to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly showed me he laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of the story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not staid for him; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it, nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest expence kept him awake whole nights, and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that,

if he made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could, and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pound diamond necklace; he said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion, that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr WAITFORT was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my weeds at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I'll marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh, for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable malice of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, or covetous husband. My first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give in their husbands pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing."

NO. 574.—FRIDAY, JULY 30. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum,
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. HOR. 4. OD. IX. 45.

Believe not those that lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness;
But rather those that know,
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the art to use the store;
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty. CREECH.

ON CONTENT.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about *the great secret*. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald; aud converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory: He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls; in short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this uninteiligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but *content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if he does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of

them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following: First of all, A man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, How much more happy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which ARISTIPPUS made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: Why (said he), I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass: but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich who have no more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting; because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always

in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When PITTACUS, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says SOCRATES; to which I shall add "Luxury is artificial poverty." I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of BION the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness.

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers by it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one (says he) has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Dr HAMMOND, written by Bishop FELL. As this good man was troubled

with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank GOD that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system, besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befals us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as AUGUSTUS did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again; "It is for that very reason," said the Emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

NO. 575.—MONDAY, AUGUST 4. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Nec morti esse locum—— VIRG. GEORG. iv. 226.

No room is left for death. DRYDEN.

ON TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father (says he), you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." True, son (said the hermit); but what is thy condition if there is?" Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by

a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of beings, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning: especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of

years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

NO. 576.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cetera vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi. OVID. MET. ii. 72.
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky. ADDISON.

ON SINGULARITY.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a constable, to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider, that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak

and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not to set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent than drink the king's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of HOMER; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than ony other.

He had many other particularities for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur FONTENELLE's Dialogues of the Dead. "The ambitious and the covetous (says he) are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the phrenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'oeuvre;*" that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.

The subject of this essay was occasioned by a letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of room at present, I shall insert in my next paper.

NO. 577.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 6. 1714.

[FROM THE LETTER-BOX.]

——Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias—— JUV. SAT. vi. 613.

This might be borne with, if you did not rave.

LETTERS.

THE letter mentioned in my last paper is as follows:

" SIR,

" You have so lately decried that custom, too much in use amongst most people, of making themselves the subjects of their writings and conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this trouble, till I had considered, that though I should speak in the first person, yet I could not be justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my name; as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, redound to my praise; but is only designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me, as I hope, with very little foundation. My short history is this.

" I have lived for some years last past altogether in London, till about a month ago an acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small services in town, invited me to pass part of the summer with him at his house in the country. I accepted his invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to pass away his time without the reliefs of business, has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile parts of that employment, such as inspecting his plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his hours every day: and as I have no relish for such diversion, I used at these times to retire either to my chamber, or a shady walk near the house, and entertain myself with some agreeable author. Now you must know, Mr SPECTATOR, that when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any passage or expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud with that tone of the voice which I think agreeable to the sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some motion or action of the body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the family in one of those heroic fits, who thereupon received impressions very much to my disadvantage. This, however, I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following accident. I had one day shut myself up in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the second book of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*. I walked to and fro with the book in my hand,

and, to speak the truth, I fear I made no little noise; when presently coming to the following lines,

> ——————On a sudden open fly,
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
> Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder, &c,

I in great transport threw open the door of my chamber, and found the greatest part of the family standing on the outside in a very great consternation. I was in no less confusion, and begged pardon for having disturbed them; addressing myself particularly to comfort one of the children who received an unlucky fall in this action, while he was too intently surveying my meditations through the key-hole. To be short, after this adventure I easily observed that great part of the family, especially the women and children, looked on me with some apprehensions of fear; and my friend himself, though he still continued his civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy; I took notice, that the butler was never after this accident ordered to leave the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the servants mention me by the name of the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This made me think it high time for me to shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome opportunity; and was confirmed in this resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one day, after having heard all the fine things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful smile to bid me go to sleep.

"The first minute I got to my lodging in town, I set pen to paper to desire your opinion, whether, upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring certificates that I behave myself soberly before company; and I hope there is at least some merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my senses as you can afford. I know I could bring yourself as an instance of a man who has confessed talking to himself; but your's is a particular case, and cannot justify me who have not kept silence

any part of my life. What if I should own myself in love! You know lovers are always allowed the comfort of soliloquy.——But I will say no more upon this subject, because I have long since observed, the ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so; as we generally conclude that man drunk who takes pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave myself to your determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my senses, that it may be no discredit to you when I assure you, that I have always been very much

Your admirer.

"*P. S.* If I must be mad, I desire the young lady may believe it is for her."

The humble petition of JOHN A NOKES *and* JOHN A STILES.

"SHEWETH,

"That your petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster-hall above five hundred years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue; that your petitioners have not been involved in these lawsuits out of any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons; that young lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two; that when they have nothing else to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us; that they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputations and good names in the world. Your petitioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our kinsman BLANK) do humbly pray, that you would put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us your said petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation; it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions.

"*And your petitioners (as in duty bound) shall ever pray, &c.*

NO. 578.—MONDAY, AUGUST 9. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster.—— OVID. MET. XV. 167.

——Th' unbodied spirit flies——
And lodges where it lights in man or beast. DRYDEN.

LOCKE'S DOCTRINE OF IDENTITY, ILLUSTRATED BY A STORY.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose *personal identity*.

Mr LOCKE, after having premised that the word *person* properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. Had I the same consciousness (says that author) that I saw the ark and NOAH's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter, or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same *Self*, place that *Self* in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same *Myself* now while I write (whether I consist of all the same substance material or immaterial or no) that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same *Self*, it matters not whether this present *Self* be made up of the same or other substances.

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the *Persian Tales*, as they are lately very well translated by Mr PHILIPS; and with an abridgement whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise, that these stories are written after the Easter manner, but somewhat more correct.

"FADLALLAH, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father BEN-ORTOCK, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and li-

ved in great happiness with his beauteous consort Queen ZEMROUDE; when there appeared at his court a young Dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

"FADLALLAH immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

"The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation: and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

"As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the Dervis entertained FADLALLAH with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, 'It was in this place (says he) that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man.' The king immediately reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him, he presumed it was the power of making gold. No, Sir (says the Dervis), it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body by flinging my own soul into it.'

"While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them; and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the Dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on

the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated; she came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the Dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The Dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brachman; but told him at last, that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince. After having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous Dervis shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

"The Dervis, now triumphing in his villany, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy FADLALLAH.

"The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace, where, perching on a tree which stood near the queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see, that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued, however, to serenade her every morning, till at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature into her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved con-

sort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. ZEMROUDE was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning by a thousand little actions which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. FADLALLAH could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the Dervis enter the apartment, and caress his queen even in his presence.

"The usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale; and while the enraged FADLALLAH pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

"ZEMROUDE was likewise fond of a little lap-dog which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

"The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so; and the next morning ZEMROUDE saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

"Her women immediately sent for the Dervis to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints; 'Well, Madam (says he), I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before.' The queen beheld him with a look which easily shewed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and ZEMROUDE was amazed to see her bird revive.

"The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap-dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

"ZEMROUDE was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, till the king intreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

"The body of the Dervis, which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it: but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy (peculiar to the oriental ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the Dervis, that no arguments, even from FADLALLAH himself, could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

"The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement."

NO. 579.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——————Odora canum vis. VIRG. ÆN. iv. 132.

Sagacious hounds.

DOGS WHICH COULD DISCOVER WANT OF CHASTITY.

IN the reign of King CHARLES I. the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable *erratum* or blunder in one of their editions; for instead of "Thou shalt not commit adultery," they printed off several thousands of copies with "Thou shalt commit adultery. Archbishop LAUD, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the Star Chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers when they are not enlivened with something that is not diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though, by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon Mount Ætna dedicated to VULCAN, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell (say the historians), that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master VULCAN; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

"These dogs were given to VULCAN by his sister DIANA, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to VENUS, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour according to the reception which she met with

from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs that they frighted away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful (says the author) to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shown to their mothers, It is said that a prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, 'Love me, love my dog.' From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to come to court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple: after they had lived here in great repute for several years, it so happened, that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybæum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him, if his brethren had not come in to his assistance; upon which, says my author, the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct."

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and show the world the difference between Pagan women, and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

NO. 580.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 13. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia cœli.
OVID. MET. i. 175.

This place, the brightest mansions of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the DEITY. DRYDEN.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

"SIR,

I CONSIDERED in my two last letters (*a*) that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shown that He is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which He discovers Himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is that place which is marked out in Scripture under the different appellations of 'paradise, the third heaven, the throne of GOD, and the habitation of His glory.' It is here where the glorified body of our SAVIOUR resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of GOD with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of GOD which some of the divines calls His glorious, and others His majestic, presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this: but it is here where He resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendors which can affect the imagination of created beings.

"It is very remarkable, that this opinion of GOD Almighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered by the light of Nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the God-

head. If you look into HOMER, that is the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the Supreme Power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about His throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine it shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the Pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion, that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

"As in SOLOMON'S temple there was the *sanctum sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so, if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this holy of holies, into which the High Priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

"With how much skill must the throne of GOD be erected? With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by Him who inspired HIRAM with wisdom? How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where GOD has chosen to show Himself in the most magnificent manner? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of GOD we may apply those beautiful expressions in Holy Writ: 'Behold, even to the moon, and it shineth not: yea, the stars are not pure in His sight.' The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings,

or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendors which encompass the throne of GOD.

"As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which GOD thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite: and though not immeasureable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If He has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of His house to be, where He makes His residence in a more especial manner, and displays Himself in the fulness of His glory, among an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect!

"This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but, at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the Scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks of new heavens, and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

"I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in Holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, in which is exerted the

whole power of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why therefore should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in those lower regions of nature; objects, 'which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive! I knew a man in CHRIST (says St PAUL, speaking of himself), above fourteen years ago, whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell (GOD knoweth): such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; GOD knoweth), how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter.' By this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

"It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are some time or other to make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and useful curiosity to get what informations we can of it, whilst we make use of revelation for our guide.—When these everlasting doors shall be open to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations, and that the glorious appearance of the throne of GOD will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves with many other speculations on this subject, from those several hints which we find of it in the Holy Scriptures; as, whether there may not be different mansions and apartments of glory to beings of different natures; whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy

greater manifestations of His presence; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as ADAM, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the Sabbath day in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

"I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the Omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being as He inhabits infinitude, as He dwells among His works, as He is present to the mind of man, and as He discovers Himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before Him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy.'

NO. 581.—MONDAY, AUGUST 16. 1714.

[FROM THE LETTER-BOX.]

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis——— MART. EPIG. XVII. I.
Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t'other.

SPECTATOR'S REMARKS ON VARIOUS LETTERS.

I AM at present sitting with a heap of letters before me which I have received under the character of SPECTATOR; I have complaints from lovers, schemes from projectors, scandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, to be insensible of the natural fondness every person must have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correspondents a little too uncivilly in stringing them all together on a file, and letting them lie so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think myself at least obliged to take some notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time, I intend my present paper as a short answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The public, however, is not to expect I should let them into all my secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most people, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular correspondents.

My well-wisher VAN NATH is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in print.

PHILADELPHUS will, in a little time, see his query fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr G.

Miss KITTY must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on his mistress's dancing, is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the universities to praise one at the expence of the other.

TOM NIMBLE is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin FILL BUMPER.

I am obliged for the letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the case of GRACE GRUMBLE.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of SARAH LOVEIT, refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank ARISTIPPUS for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of TOM 'TURNOVER will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who sent me

an ode on the subject of the late *Spectator*, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

The poor gentleman, who fancies my writings could reclaim an husband who can abuse such a wife as he describes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my skill.

PHILANTHROPOS is, I dare say, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compositions.

CONSTANTIUS himself must be the best judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

ARETHUSA and her friend may hear further from me.

CELIA is a little too hasty.

HARRIOT is a good girl; but must not curtsy to folks she does not know.

I must ingenuously confess my friend SAMPSON BENTSTAFF has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

COLLIDAN must also explain what he means by his *drigelling*.

I think it beneath my Spectatorial dignity to concern myself in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I shall consult some *Literati* on the project sent me for the discovery of the longitude.

I know not how to conclude this paper better, than by inserting a couple of letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest pieces I have received from my correspondents of either sex.

"BROTHER SPEC,

"WHILE you are surveying every object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that sage, who demanded what beauty was, lived to see the dear angel I love, he would not have asked such a question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the person in whom Heaven has made virtue visible; and were you yourself to be in her company, you could never, with all your loquacity, say enough of her good humour and sense. I send you the outlines of a picture

which I can no more finish than I can sufficiently admire the dear original. I am,

Your most affectionate brother,

CONSTANTIO SPEC."

"GOOD MR PERT,

"I WILL allow you nothing till you resolve me the following question: Pray, what's the reason that, while you only talk now upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater tatler than when you spoke every day as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging out of your taciturnity, pray let the length of your speeches compensate for the scarceness of them. I am,

Good Mr PERT,

Your admirer,

If you will be long enough for me,

AMANDA LOVELENGTH."

NO. 582.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes—— JUV. SAT. vii. 51.

The curse of writing is an endless itch.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

ON THE ITCH OF WRITING.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by GALEN nor HIPPOCRATES, nor to be met with in the *London Dispensary*. JUVENAL, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *cacoethes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English *the itch of writing*. This *cacoethes* is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood,

seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady; and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together, between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a *Tarantula*, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a *Cat-call*. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors, which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are sure if we have but patience we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous saying of DIOGENES, who, reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, "Courage, lads, I see land." On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another; we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, entitled, *WILLIAM RAMSAY's Vindication of Astrology*. This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: "The absence of the sun is not the cause

of night, forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray all our darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light."

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light, as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in consort, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

NO. 583.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 20. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat late circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat; ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.

VIRG. GEORG. IV. 112.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees;
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground. DRYDEN.

ON PLANTING.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves, or beneficial to others: no one of the sons of ADAM ought to think himself exempt

from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen, in their busy hours, apply themselves wholly to the chace, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of GOLIAH, "I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among those I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of *planting*. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which show he has been there: he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art as well as in others. We are told in particular of CYRUS the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature: it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet who, as ARISTOTLE observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not

to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to the utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish; "We are always doing (says he) something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

But I think men are inexcusable who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich by so inconsiderable an expence; if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and be-

come beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*; which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which are apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man; besides, that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. EPICURUS himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with HOMER, VIRGIL, and HORACE, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject: and that VIRGIL in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primeval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel (*a*).

NO. 584.—MONDAY, AUGUST 23. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.

VIRG. ECL. X. 42.

Come see what pleasure in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.

DRYDEN.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN LOVE TALE.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of ZILPAH, of the race of COHU, by whom some of the learned think is meant CAIN. She was exceedingly beautiful; and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, HARPATH and SHALUM: HARPATH being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. SHALUM (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. HARPATH was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; SHALUM was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by GOD and man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian women, the daughters of COHU had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful HILPA preferred HARPATH to SHALUM, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

HARPATH made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married HILPA in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother SHALUM for having pretended to the beautiful HILPA, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked SHA-

LUM, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward HARPATH would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which SHALUM wished might fall upon his brother when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

HILPA was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but 50 children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover SHALUM, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of HARPATH; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

SHALUM falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to HILPA, began immediately, after her marriage with HARPATH, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks and lawns and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of SHALUM, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches,

and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of SHALUM looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of HILPA, who, after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of SHALUM's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which SHALUM is said to have written to HILPA, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appear in the original.

SHALUM was at this time 180 years old, and HILPA 170.

I SHALUM, *Master of Mount Tirzah, to* HILPA, *Mistress of the Valleys.*

In the 788th year of the creation.

"WHAT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of ZILPAH, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have ever since been covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of GOD; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of ZILPAH, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries.—It flourishes as a mountain-oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour on the mountains."

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

NO. 585.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes; ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta. ———— VIRG. ECL. V. 63.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice. DRYDEN.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon HILPA, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

HILPA, Mistress of the Valleys, to SHALUM Master of Mount Tirzah.

In the 789th year of the creation.

"WHAT have I to do with thee, O SHALUM? Thou praisest HILPA's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldst be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah: are these like the riches of the valley?

I know thee, O SHALUM; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and

markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O SHALUM; let me alone, that I may enjoy these goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not HILPA to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous."

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which SHALUM had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost SHALUM five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tons of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal SHALUM.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from MISHPACH, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced

before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time SHALUM grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at HILPA for the reception which she had given to MISHPACH, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of SATURN; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between SHALUM and MISHPACH; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. MISHPACH resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him: and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to SHALUM, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that SHALUM was now grown more wealthy than MISHPACH; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of ZILPAH's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which SHALUM offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

NO. 586.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 27. 1714.

[BY DR BYROM.]

——Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt. CIC. DE DIV.

The things which employ mens waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

CONNECTION BETWEEN WAKING THOUGHTS AND DREAMS.

By the last post I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

"SIR,

"IT was a good piece of advice which PYTHAGORAS gave to his scholars, that every night before they slept they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions were worthy of pursuit tomorrow. and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should be mine, that in a morning before my scholar arose, he should consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness as if the condition he has believed himself to be in was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage; for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in during sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when free from those constraints which the accidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure, and such severe touches of pain in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his

friend, in a dream, had need to guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time I make most noble returns for it; which, though my benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude in me, that my mind was susceptible of such generous transport while I thought myself repaying the kindness of my friend: and I have often been ready to beg pardon, instead of returning an injury, after considering, that when the offender was in my power I had carried my resentments much too far.

"I think it has been observed in the course of your papers, how much one's happiness or misery may depend upon the imagination; of which truth those strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsiderable instances: so that not only the advantage a man has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his own ease or disquiet, may induce him to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one maxim which I shall give them, viz. 'To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance.'

"They indeed who can sink into sleep with their thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and misery; or they who are willing to purchase any midnight disquietudes for the satisfaction of a full meal, or a skinful of wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflections full of shame and horror: but those that will observe this rule, I promise them they shall awake into health and cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with delight those glorious moments wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had

fasted all night long: or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle; believe me, these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

"I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts, till I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others perhaps who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass so considerable a portion of our time in the condition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unregarded hours, and as such you will encourage it.

"I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of my way of proceeding.

"If I have any business of consequence to do to morrow, I am scarce dropt to sleep to night but I am in the midst of it; and when awake I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day's experience before the sun has arisen upon it.

"There is scarce a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college, pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

"I have done many things that would not pass examination, when I have had the art of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

"Lastly, Mr SPECTATOR, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions

and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your paper with on proper occasions.

I am, &c.

Oxford, Aug. 20. JOHN SHADOW."

NO. 587.—MONDAY, AUGUST 30. 1714.

[BY DR BYROM.]

——Intus, et in cute novi. PERS. SAT. iii. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom: from within
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin. DRYDEN.

EXAMINATIONS OF HEARTS.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman who promised me in the last paper some extracts out of his noctuary.

"SIR,

"I WAS the other day reading the life of MAHOMET. Among many other extravagancies, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age the angel GABRIEL caught him up, while he was among his play-fellows, and carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, say the Turkish divines, is contained the *fomes peccati*; so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sins or ill qualities he finds in it.

"While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing slumber, when methought two porters entered my chamber, carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape like that in which we paint our angels appeared before me, and forbade me. Inclosed (said he) are the

hearts of several of your friends and acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the failings of others, you must be pure yourself: whereupon he drew out his incision-knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder, when the phantom, breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository; and having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

"The hearts were all inclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in a liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first which I cast my eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down with incredible swiftness through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The *fomes*, or spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. That, says my instructor, is the heart of TOM DREADNOUGHT, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years last past been aiming at some post of honour to no purpose. He has lately retired into the country, where, quite choked up with spleen and choler, he rails at better men than himself; and will be for ever uneasy, because it is impossible he should think his merit sufficiently rewarded. The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its smallness: it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. This, says my interpreter, is the heart of DICK GLOOMY, who never thirsted after any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness, hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself than to any one else.

"The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart, which beat very strongly. The *fomes*, or spot in

it, was exceeding small; but I could not help observing that, which way soever I turned the phial, it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. The heart you are examining, says my companion, belongs to WILL WORTHY. He has indeed a most noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is VANITY.

"Here, says the angel, is the heart of FREELOVE, your intimate friend. FREELOVE and I (said I) are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is overcast with rancour. My teacher commanded me to look upon it: I did so, and to my unspeakable surprise found that a small swelling spot which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion, and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me FREELOVE was one of the best-natured men alive.

"This, says my teacher, is a female heart of your acquaintance. I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of a hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of COQUETILLA.

"I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of MELISSA, a noted prude, who lives the next door to me.

"I show you this, says the phantom, because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs. He then put into my hands a large crystal glass that inclosed a heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of SERAPHINA; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. She is indeed, continued my guide, the ornament, as well as the envy of her sex. At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. You are not to wonder (says he) that you see no spot in a heart, whose innocence has

been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.

" I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told that it represented DECEIT.

" I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me, I must let that alone till another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as immediately awoke me."

NO. 588.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1. 1714.

[BY THE REV. MR H. GROVE.]

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.
CICERO DE NAT. DEOR.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded on weakness.

ON SELF-LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow creatures. Suitable to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do, under characters of

disadvantage, or having drawn it with a little sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture? Do they reflect that it is their own, and if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was EPICURUS. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr HOBBES instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper (*a*); for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, "that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself, and considers what he doth, when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds; he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions." Now we will allow Mr HOBBES to know best how he was inclined: but in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and however checked and overtopped by counter-inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And, methinks, it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is he who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself, who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he com-

municated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the score of their having no need of us. But if he that sitteth in the heavens wants not us, we stand in continual need of him; and, surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures, lately drawn out of the gulph of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity; so, in forming a reasonable creature, he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections, and its understanding? Or could a society of such creatures, with no other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness, as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct, prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge; knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is ob-

vious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order therefore to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interests prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liableness to the same ill accidents we see befal others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it; because children, and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a consciousness of a man's having done something praise-worthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations which

a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving one's self a benefactor to mankind, is the noblest recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect: and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so.

Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. Though if I were under a mistake in this, I should say, as CICERO in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the godlike zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing stops up the stream of beneficence. For though in conferring kindnesses, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man.

NO. 589.—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBFR 3. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit—— OVID. MET. viii. 774.

The impious axe he plies; loud strokes resound;
'Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

ON TREES.

"SIR,

I AM so great an admirer of trees, that the spot of ground I have chosen to build a small seat upon, in the country, is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was obliged, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a walk in my gardens; but then I have taken care to leave the space between every walk as much a wood as I found it. The moment you turn either to the right or left you are in a forest, where nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

"Instead of tulips or carnations, I can show you oaks in my gardens of four hundred years standing, and a knot of elms that might shelter a troop of horse from the rain.

"It is not without the utmost indignation, that I observe several prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood, felling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestors industry, and ruining, in a day, the product of ages.

"I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition, that ABRAHAM planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar, and that these three incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the temple of SOLOMON.

ISIDORUS, who lived in the reign of CONSTANTIUS,

assures us, that he saw, even in his time, that famous oak in the plains of Mamre, under which ABRAHAM is reported to have dwelt; and adds, that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree.

"The heathens still went further, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity. The story of ERISICTHON, the grove of DODONA, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

"If we consider the machine in VIRGIL, so much blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

"ÆNEAS, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount Ida, which, however, he durst not do till he had obtained leave from CYBELE, to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not but think herself obliged to protect these ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired JUPITER, that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. JUTITER would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was accordingly executed.

> And now at length the number'd hours were come,
> Prefix'd by FATE's irrevocable doom,
> When the great mother of the gods was free
> To save her ships, and finish JOVE's decree.
> First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
> A light that sing'd the heav'ns, and shot along:
> Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
> Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
> And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
> Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
> O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;
> And know my ships are my peculiar care.
> With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
> With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
> Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
> Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,
> Exalted each a nymph: foresake the sand,
> And swim the seas, at CYBELE's command.
> No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
> When, lo, th' obedient ships their halsers break;

And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep."

DRYDEN'S VIRG.

"The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. APOLLONIUS tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

"A certain man called RHÆCUS, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, RHÆCUS desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding that she would send a bee to him to let him know when he was to be happy. RHÆCUS was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that, instead of minding his kind invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived RHÆCUS of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress."

NO. 590.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.

OVID. MET. XV. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before.
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are laid aside like abdicated kings;
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

DRYDEN.

ON ETERNITY.

THE following discourse comes from the same hand with the essays upon infinitude. Nos. 565, 571, 580.

WE consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions; which we may call in English, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which

is to come. The learned terms of *æternitas a parte ante*, and *æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find, that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is a successive duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though per-

haps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a GOD: and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, the Ancient of Days, who,

being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of GOD's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr COWLEY alludes in his description of heaven:

> Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal NOW does always last.

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years. By which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own be-

ing, he entitles himself, "I Am that I Am; and when MOSES desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to PHARAOH, he bids him say, that "I AM hath sent you." Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which GOD has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves, and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature; in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, and adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of his soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that

a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity.

NO. 591.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8. 1714.

[BY MR E. BUDGELL.]

——Tenerorum lusor amorum.

OVID. TRIST. 3. EL. iii. 73.

Love the soft subject of his sportive muse.

ON LOVE.

I HAVE just received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has observed, with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a *love-casuist;* for which place he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this passion his principal study, and observed it in all its different shapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he has also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

" There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred

" Love is the daughter of idleness, but the mother of disquietude.

" Men of grave natures (says Sir FRANCIS BACON) are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.

" The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

" A coquette often loses her reputation while she preserves her virtue.

" A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

" Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman's ridiculous.

" Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

" The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

" A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love."

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and, I find, entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself CORINNA.

CONCEAL, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,
Nor tell CORINNA she has fir'd thy heart.
In vain wouldst thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy superior to comply,
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise
Drink the resistless glances of her eyes.
At awful distance entertain thy grief;
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state;
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely form, that heav'nly mind,
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou couldst find;
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom she, and whom the muses, do inspire;
Her image only shall thy breast employ,
And fill thy captiv'd soul with shades of joy;
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day;
And never, never from thy bosom stray *.

NO. 592.—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

——Studium sine divite vena. HOR. ARS POET. 409.

Art without a vein. ROSCOMMON.

ON THE PLAYHOUSE.

I LOOK upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore: their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention

* By GILBERT BUDGELL.

a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shreaded for that use. Mr RYMER's *Edgar* is to fall in snow at the next acting of *King LEAR*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among those gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were *not to please*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself: if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces have been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic; such as ARISTOTLE and LONGINUS among the Greeks, HORACE and QUINTILIAN among the Romans, BOILEAU and DACIER among the French. But it is our misfortune, that some who set up for professed critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of

the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason that, in the heathen mythology, MOMUS is said to be the son of NOX, and SOMNUS, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to descry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of MOMUS, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering, that, *1st*, There is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and, *2dly*, That there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shown their judgement in this particular, and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations

from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians call the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that TERENCE speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time:

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.

Whose negligence he would rather imitate, than those mens obscure diligence.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play, as Dr SOUTH tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable SHAKESPEARE is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! SHAKESPEARE was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in PYRRHUS's ring, which, as PLINY tells us, had the figure of APOLLO and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature without any help from art.

NO. 593.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. 1714.

[BY DR BYROM.]

Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in sylvis—— VIRG. ÆN. vi. 270.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light. DRYDEN.

A LETTER ON DREAMS

MY dreaming correspondent Mr SHADOW has sent me a second letter, with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method to render sleep im-

proving. An extract of his letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my readers.

"SINCE we have so little time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are presented with in sleep, only because they have a less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who should despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cypher instead of a city; and it must be a long day's journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries; and though its appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and ecstasy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

"I have wondered that ALEXANDER the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say, that "sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal." I who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive, that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force, of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but had we a true account of the wonders the hero last mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that when I compare several actions in QUINTUS CURTIUS with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.

"I shall closethis subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

"It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. St AUSTIN was of opinion, that if in paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

"And so far at present our dreams are in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts; so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of distant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged on the mind.

"My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

"I have often considered MARCIA's prayer and LUCIUS's account of CATO in this light.

MARC. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care.
LUC. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O MARCIA, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams. As I drew near his couch
He smil'd, and cry'd, CÆSAR thou canst not hurt me.

Mr SHADOW acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him, some night or other, under the great elm-tree, by which VIR-

GIL has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

NO. 594.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane caveto.

HOR. I. SAT. IV. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends,
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem:
That man's a knave; be sure beware of him. CREECH.

ON DETRACTION.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not in some degree guilty of this offence; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought

to consider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions; and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally blamed—I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour, therefore, to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, A man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret cor-

ruptions. It is a pretty saying of THALES, Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbé de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.

The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, A man should examine his heart whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this particular, which every one cannot but disapprove who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

NO. 595.—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. 1714.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

HOR. ARS POET. 12.

——Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

ROSCOMMON.

ON INCONSISTENT METAPHORS.

If ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they aim at. There is a grievance of this sort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What I mean is the *mixture* of *inconsistent metaphors*, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to every reader, I shall, in the first place, observe that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves to convey the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct lights; or, in other words, the same thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run their metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunder-bolt, a lion, and the sea, all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, and force. But by bad management it hath so happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflow-

ed its banks; the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Lybian desert.

The absurdity in this instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical state which it could not do in its original. I shall illustrate what I have said, by an instance which I have read more than once in controversial writers. "The heavy lashes," saith a celebrated author, "that have dropped from your pen, &c." I suppose this gentleman having frequently heard of "gall dropping from a pen," and "being lashed in a satire," he was resolved to have them both at any rate, and so uttered this complete piece of nonsense. It will most effectually discover the absurdity of these monstrous unions, if we will suppose these metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and several lashes of whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true representation of this sort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which heterogeneous; or, to speak more plainly, which are consistent, and which inconsistent.

There is yet one evil more which I must take notice of, and that is, the running of metaphors into tedious allegories, which, though an error on the better hand, causes confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable when the lustre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his subject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who having said by chance, that his mistress had a world of charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of frigid and torrid zones, and pursued her from the one pole to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter written in

that enormous style, which I hope my reader hath by this time set his heart against. The epistle hath heretofore received great applause; but after what hath been said, let any man commend it if he dare.

"SIR,

"AFTER the many heavy *lashes* that have fallen from your *pen*, you may justly expect in return all the *load* that my ink can lay upon your shoulders. You have *quartered* all the foul *language* upon me that could be *raked* out of the air of Billingsgate, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be *cupped* and *scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *eyes* where you please you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the *panics* which you sow about the parish will ever *build* a monument to your glory? No, Sir, you may *fight* these battles as long as you will; but when you come to *balance* the account, you will find that you have been *fishing* in troubled waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy foundation, and brought your *hogs* to a fair market.

I am Sir,

Your's, &c."

NO. 596.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN,]

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.

OVID. EP. XV. 79.

CUPID's light darts my tender bosom move. POPE.

LETTER FROM A GENERAL LOVER.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

"SIR,

"I AM fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an importunate lover;

we are daily complaining of the severity of our fate, to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a passion which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my childhood, the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair sex. I am at present in the one-and-twentieth year of my age, and should have made choice of a she bed-fellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, That nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of wedlock till six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes; but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me as by laying before you the history of my life.

"I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who *lay in*, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of *husband and wife*. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, till it was thought convenient to send me to the university; though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's house-keeper; upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon

my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl, whom I shall call PARTHENOPE: her mother sold ale by the town wall. Being often caught there by the proctor, I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but PARTHENOPE soon after marrying a shoemaker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me with a smile, Where the needle should turn but to the pole (*a*)? After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the university-phrase, rusticated for ever.

"Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

"Within a week after my arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon gained her consent to treat of marriage; but unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer, I usually talked the same language to her elder sister, who is also very pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr SPECTATOR, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her; but being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should however be very much obliged to you if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country, that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the same post,

that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old TESTY sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South Sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the old 'squire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction of despairing lovers: let him therefore look to it, and consider, that by his obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world an hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and you, Mr SPECTATOR,

Your constant admirer,

Middle Temple, Sept. 18. 1714.

JEREMY LOVEMORE."

NO. 597.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Mens sine pondere ludit. PETR.

The mind uncumber'd plays.

ACCOUNT OF DREAMS.

SINCE I received my friend SHADOW's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself GLADIO, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said GLADIO having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know, whether, from a

constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another, who is very prolix in his narrative, writes me word, that having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind, that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again; where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage: but ere he could get on shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if some body stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too, wants Mr SHADOW's advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the new river on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day: and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured an handsome slice of bride cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves, whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion

in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheel-barrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth threepence. A fair lady was just upon the point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by forbid the banns; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich, and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the great Turk, rooted him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople: the conclusion of all his successes is, that on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolary testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small coalman, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years imprisonment. An honest watchman bidding a loud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please; but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle FRITILLA'S dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, till after a strange run of ill luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking, it is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordinancy to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

NO. 598.—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Proturelatque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?

JUV. SAT. X. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes. DRYDEN.

THE MERRY AND THE SERIOUS.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons, and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty while it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in seasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and

diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr BAXTER gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman in Queen ELIZABETH's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, *Be serious*.

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had TROPHONIUS's cave in his possession; which (says he) would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in PAUSANIAS, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person that was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of TROPHONIUS's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon; human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy; nor

so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no GOD in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

NO. 599.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor—— VIRG. ÆN. ii. 369.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears. DRYDEN.

TROPHONIUS'S CAVE.

IT has been my custom, as I grew old, to allow myself some little indulgencies which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three last years past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a-day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of TROPHONIUS. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop; and watching for his return, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, Prithee, friend, be not impertinent; and stalked by me as

grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me, with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader, what brought them thither? They told me all at once, that they were French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me, in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them; who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the Kelder, as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any manner of alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me, that he had a mighty mind to act ALEXANDER the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike too or three laughing features out of his face: he tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a TIMON of Athens, or a mute in the Funeral.

I then clapt up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a

young rake of the Middle-Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but to her great sorrow and surprise he came out a Quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of free-thinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave; I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frighted out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends till that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and taking her daughter by the hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my closet, while your mother tells me your case. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me, that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low courtesy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to TROPHONIUS only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at

the entrance, the door being somewhat low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my *Spectators*.

NO. 600.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. VIRG. ÆN. vi. 461.
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
DRYDEN.

ON HEAVEN AND A FUTURE STATE.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running

streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition; and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the Heathen world upon those important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstances which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses, both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see and hear, love and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any

other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Dr TILLOTSON somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blest, because GOD Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, or mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves

in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleasant, the soul is in a state of happiness; and, in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who cannot question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of GOD, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination; in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him

in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that GOD has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted

them to the infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

NO. 601.—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1. 1714.

[BY MR GROVE.]

Ὁ ανθρωπος ευιργετος πεφυκως. ANTONIN. LIB. 9.

Man is naturally beneficent.

ON BENEVOLENCE.

THE following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before. (NO. 588.)

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclnde this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude, as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same, moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated.—Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice, as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive; its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for

their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality restrained in its operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves, by constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime, and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices as it is to these men to perform them; that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them, and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature; and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty,

they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits and such as have their foundation in the body; that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits in general require longer time for their settlement than bad; and yet are sooner displaced: the reason is, that vicious habits (as drunkenness, for instance) produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world, proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing; so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another man's disappointment; and like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall

out, but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one, we should see mens good will and kind endeavours would be as universal.

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

To direct a wanderer in the right way is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useles only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication, and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough. Which of the two therefore is the happier man? He who, confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure? Or the man who, reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention, is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty, or a discontented mind,

a mind ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it till you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flush of good humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of good will. As trees which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now, if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state: place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propension to beneficence.

NO. 602.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 4. 1714.

[BY MR E. BUDGELL.]

——Facit hoc illos hyacinthos. JUV. SAT. VI. 110.

This makes them hyacinths.

LETTER FROM THE LOVE-CASUIST.

THE following letter comes from a gentleman who, I find, is very diligent in making his observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

"SIR,

"IN order to execute the office of the love-casuist to Great Britain, with which I take myself to be invested by your paper of September 8th, I shall make some further observations upon the two sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper hand. After having observed with much curiosity the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no person so irresistible as one who is a man of importance, provided it be in matters of no consequence. One who makes himself talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in the boxes in a play, is in a fair way of being a favourite I have known a young fellow make his fortune by knocking down a constable; and may venture to say, though it may seem a paradox, that many a fair one has died by a duel in which both the combatants have survived.

"About three winters ago I took notice of a young lady at the theatre, who conceived a passion for a notorious rake that headed a party of cat-calls: and am credibly informed, that the emperor of the Mohocks married a rich widow within three weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the cities of London and Westminster. Scouring and breaking of windows have done frequent execution upon the sex. But there is no set of these male-charmers who make their way more successfully, than those who have gained themselves a name for intrigue, and have ruined the greatest number of reputations. There is a strange curiosity in the female world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His reputation does more than half his business. Every one that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, to use the old proverb, "When his name is up he may lie a-bed."

"I was very sensible of the great advantage of being a man of importance upon these occasions on the day of the king's entry, when I was seated in a balcony behind a cluster of very pretty country ladies, who had one of these showy gentlemen in the midst of them.

The first trick I caught him at was bowing to several persons of quality whom he did not know ; nay, he had the impudence to hem at a blue garter who had a finer equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent huzzas of the mob, that hindered his friend from taking notice of him. There was indeed one who pulled off his hat to him; and upon the ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a foreign minister that he had been very merry with the night before ; whereas in truth it was the city common hunt.

" He was never at a loss when he was asked any person's name, though he seldom knew any one under a peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the privy-counsellors, with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bishops and judges.

" In short, I collected from his whole discourse, that he was acquainted with every body, and knew no body. At the same time, I am mistaken if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a year's courtship.

OVID has finely touched this method of making love ; which I shall here give my reader in Mr DRYDEN's translation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus love in theatres did first improve,
And theatres are still the scene of love;
Nor shun the chariot's, and the coarser's race;
The circus is no inconvenient place.
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods. nor signs, which lovers understand ;
But boldly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to her's, and side by side :
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter ; crowding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse,
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse ;
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind ;
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come, the day by heav'n design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses, shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side?
Slaves that no longer can be safe in flight.
O glorious object! O surprising sight!
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee
Some beauty sits the spectacle to see;
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

NO. 603.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6. 1714.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite DAPHNIM.
VIRG. ECL. viii. 68.

——————Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring DAPHNIS to my longing arms. DRYDEN.

VERSES BY DR BYROM.

THE following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.

I.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When PHEBE went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like COLIN was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

II.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little CUPID, if PHEBE was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when PHEBE and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

V.

My dog, I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And PHEBE was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not TRAY
Be as dull as his master when PHEBE's away.

VI.

When walking with PHEBE, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flow'r, how fresh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grashopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast:
You put on her colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluckt by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly TIME creeps till my PHEBE return?
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, COLIN! old TIME is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all you can say.

X.

Will no pitying pow'r that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cur'd thou must, COLIN, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

NO. 604.—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, LEUCONOE; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros———— HOR. I. OD. XI. I.

Ah, do not strive too much to know,
My dear LEUCONOE
What the kind gods design to do
With me and thee. CREECH.

THE DESIRE OF PRYING INTO FUTURE EVENTS.

THE desire of knowing future events is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence; but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts, as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, ocult numbers, and the like

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured mussulman, who promised me many good offices, which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was desired to wait in a dark apartment till he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where, methought, the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich caftans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; till, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces till they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies. I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels; and when there was no room left for more, these wretches, looking round

with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was that, to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath since happened under my office of Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities, some with ensigns of dignity, and others in *liveries* (*a*); but what most surprised me, was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found since, were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir ROGER in my sleep, and was the more diverted with WILL HONEYCOMB's gallantries (when we afterwards became acquainted), because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awaked me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part till a more proper opportunity.

NO. 605.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 11. 1714.

[BY MR E. BUDGELL.]

Exuerint sylvestrem animum; cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, hand tarda sequentur.
VIRG. GEORG. II. 51.

——————They change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art. DRYDEN.

LETTER FROM A LADY CONCERNING THE LOVE-CASUIST.

HAVING perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned casuist, whom I have retained in my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it; with both of which I shall here present my reader.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"FINDING that you have entertained an useful person in your service in quality of *Love-Casuist*, I apply myself to you under a very great difficulty that hath for some months perelexed me. I have a couple of humble servants, one of which I have no aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the reputation of a man of good sense, and is one of those people that your sex are apt to value. My spark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my parents, and improve my fortune; but with my dear beau I promise myself happiness although not a jointure. Now, I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objections to, or with him against whom all objections to me appear frivolous? I am determined to follow the Casuist's advice; and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as matrimony contrary to my inclination.

I am, &c.

FANNY FICKLE."

"*P. S.* I forgot to tell you, that the pretty gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of my mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he has as much wit as myself, slights my lap-dog, and hath the insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour ago, he maintained to my face, that a patch always implies a pimple."

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose some considerations to my gentle querist, which may incline her to comply with those under whose direction she is: and at the same time convince her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true affection for him who is at present indifferent to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that "If she marries first, love will come after."

The only objection that she seems to insinuate against the gentleman proposed to her, is his want of complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now, I can discover from this very circumstance, that she and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let Miss FICKLE ask her own heart, if she doth not take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly? Hath she ever been better pleased, than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself? Or doth she ever rejoice more, than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week, after she had fixed him, she took a pinch out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully mispelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the

word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him fourscore miles from London. But as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women, who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well, that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular. But when time hath worn out their natural vanity, and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reason, that among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime, than of those who are actually in the insolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe, by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours, have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill-treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss FICKLE may consider, that as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of custom, and constant conversation, to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells

his stories, or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain, that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair correspondent therefore consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the handsomest that is the most like herself.

We have a remarkable instance to our present purpose in the history of King EDGAR, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities, and the violence of his passion, were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection; insomuch that our chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her first minister of state, and continued true to her alone till his marriage with the beautiful ELFRIDA.

NO. 606.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas.

VIRG. GEORG. i. 294.

The good wife shoots the shuttle through the loom,
And sings to drive the tedious hours away.

ON FEMALE INDUSTRY.

" MR SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them: Their dress, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole under petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your *Spectators*; which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needle-work. These hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good-will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration; and as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present.

I am, &c."

In obedience to the commands of my venerable correspondent, I have duly weighed this important subject, and promise myself, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over (*a*), to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty, and the tenderness of men towards them, exempts from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their closets and apartments? How pleasing is the amusement of walking among the shades and groves planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain?

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can shew a fine genius; and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes, and place despairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as successfully, and inflame them with gold, or stain them with crimson. Even those who have only a turn to a song or an epigram, may put many valuable stitches into a purse, and crowd a thousand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for busying good women in works of fancy is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables, and all other unactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children; and Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned, where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would SOPHRONIA do the general, if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts.

A third reason that I shall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only

keeps fair ladies from running out into expences, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who should have it inscribed upon her monument, "That she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion-house?"

The premisses being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great Britain.

I. That no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover but in a suit of her own embroidering.

II. That before every fresh humble servant, she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.

III That no one be actually married, till she hath the childbed pillows, &c ready stitched, as likewise the mantle for the boy quite finished,

These laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

There is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies, in this particular, preserved in HOMER, which I hope will have a very good effect with my country-women. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband till she had woven a shrowd for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaste PENELOPE having, as she thought, lost ULYSSES at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding-sheet for LAERTES, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several circumstances, I shall give it to my readers, as HOMER makes one of her wooers relate it.

Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
With well-taught looks and a deceitful heart:
A web she wove of many a slender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplex'd design:
My youths, she cried, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
'Till I have woven, as solemn vows require,
This web, a shroud for poor ULYSSES' sire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's soul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands:

Lest all the dames of Greece my name despise,
While the great king without a covering lies.
Thus she. Nor did my friends mistrust the guile;
All day she sped the long laborious toil:
But when the burning lamps supply'd the sun,
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long summers did the fraud prevail;
The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale.
These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand;
'Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every side,
Her task she ended, and commenc'd a bride."

NO. 607.—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Dicite Iö Pæan, et Iö bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.

OVID. ARS AM. i. 1.

Now Iö Pæan sing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils. ANON.

ON THE FLITCH OF BACON.

"MR SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your paper of Monday last published my report on the case of Mrs FANNY FICKLE, wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

"It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

"Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. HOMER, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his PENELOPE; insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake, and, to use the expression of the best of Pagan authors, *Vetulam suam*

prætulit immortalitati, 'his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.'

"Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus BRUTUS and PORTIA were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

"Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage-state, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus CÆSAR, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best beloved wife.

"Good-nature is insufficient unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself, before he can be so to his other self. SOCRATES, and MARCUS AURELIUS, are instances of men, who, by the strength of philosophy, having entirely composed their minds, and subdued their passions, are celebrated for good husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with XANTIPPE, and the other with FAUSTINA. If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another's faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they sacrificed to JUNO at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

"I shall conclude this letter with a passage out of Dr PLOTT's *Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as it will serve to fill up your present paper, but, if I find myself in the humour, may give rise to another; I having by me an old register belonging to the place here under mentioned.

Sir PHILIP DE SOMERVILE held the manors of Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in

the county of Stafford, of the earls of LANCASTER, by this memorable service: The said Sir PHILIP shall find, maintain, and sustain, one bacon-flitch, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following (*a*).

Whensoever that any one such before named will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth:

"Bailiff, or porter, I do you to know, that I am come for myself, to demand one Bacon Flyke, hanging in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form thereunto belonging."

After which relation, the bailiff, or porter, shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to ROBERT KNIGHTLEYE, and there shall summon the aforesaid KNIGHTLEYE, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a prike, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed, at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chaplets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabours, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall-door, where

he shall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He shall inquire of him, which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him; which must answer, "They be here ready." And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman, or a villain (*b*). And if his said neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed, then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

"Here ye, Sir PHILIP DE SOMERVILE, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne, that I A. sithe I wedded B. my wife, and sithe I hadd hyr in my kepying, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I wold not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fouler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; sleepying ne waking, at noo time. And if the seyd B. were sole and I sole, I would take hyr to be my wyfe before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evylle, as help me GOD and his seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes."

And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall KNIGHTLEYE, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse, and the bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse: And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be pass-

ed his Lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre.

NO. 608.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 18. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Perjuria ridet amantum. OVID. ARS AM. i. 633.

——Forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile. DRYDEN.

ON THE FLITCH OF BACON—CONTINUED.

" MR SPECTATOR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I herewith transmit to you a list of several persons who, from time to time, demanded the *flitch of bacon* of Sir PHILIP DE SOMERVILE, and his descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient manuscript, under the title of 'The register of Whichenovre hall, and of the bacon-flitch there maintained.'

" In the beginning of this record is recited the law or institution in form, as it is already printed in your last paper; to which are added two by-laws, as a comment upon the general law: the substance whereof is, that the wife shall take the same oath as the husband *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the witnesses. After this proceeds the register in manner following:

" AUBRY DE FALSTAFF, son of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Kt. with dame MAUDE his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father's companions to swear falsely in his behoof, whereby he gained the flitch: but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the said bacon should be dress-

ed, it was by order of the judges taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

" ALISON the wife of STEPHEN FRECKLE, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good conditions and behaviour of her consort, adding withal, that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said STEPHEN, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

PHILIP DE WAVERLAND, having laid his hand upon the book, when the clause " were I sole and she sole" was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

" RICHARD DE LOVELESS, who was a courtier, and a very well-bred man, being observed to hesitate at the words " after our marriage," was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover; and alledged, that he had not in the least disobliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing.

" Rejected.

" JOCELINE JOLLY, Esq; making it appear by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the honey-moon; he had, in consideration thereof, one rasher bestowed upon him.'

" After this, says the record, many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Whichenovre hall; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole country were turned Jews, so little was their affection to the flitch of bacon.

" The next couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the Squire's lady at church, she the said wife dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate pish! The judges taking the premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in the husband.

" It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife, that speaking of her husband, she said, GOD forgive him.

" It is likewise remarkable, that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband that it was her duty to obey; to which he replied, Oh! my dear, you are never in the wrong.

" The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog; the turning away of the old-house-maid by another; a tavern bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing crust, spoiling of dinners, and coming in late of nights; are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

" Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing, that the sentence pronounced against one GERVASE POACHER, is, 'That he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his wife when they were overboiled.' And the deposition against DOROTHY DOOLITTLE runs in these words: 'That she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal-fire (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself), that by her good-will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand.'

" I find but two couplets, in this first century, that were successful: the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another till the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb."

NO. 609.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Farrago libelli. JUV. SAT. i. 86.

The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

LETTERS.

"MR SPECTATOR,

I HAVE for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day to steal into the *Spectator* when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country-gentleman, he very often was expressing his astonishment to see the town so mightily crowded with doctors of divinity; upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to show himself; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude to entitle him to the appellation of doctor from his landlady, and the boy at Child's. Now, since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your papers; being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family (for I must own myself of this order), he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion; and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and dependance, I do not know, but he was so

kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion; and not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic, where there is one, being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though, perhaps, there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet.

I am, &c."

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I WISH you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list, upon the first notice, of a rational china cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squals out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domineers over her husband by the help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. You must know then, that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend Mrs LUCY, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that

every time he entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures in Mr SALMON's wax-work, than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company; which the young lady taking notice of (who no more knew why than he did), she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-Inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted, and have (amongst other pleasures) the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem.

I am, &c.

From the hoop.

TOM NIMBLE."

" MR SPECTATOR,

" THE virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the HILPAS and the NILPAS that lived before the flood. Here is a stir indeed with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle; and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a chamber; and what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty lessons, I am this minute going to Paul's Church-Yard to bespeak a skreen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country.

Your's,

CLEORA."

NO. 610.—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi. SENECA.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death;
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,
Finds death and evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

ON TRUE GREATNESS.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination as making havoc among his creatures, and acting with the poor ambition of a CÆSAR or an ALEXANDER. How much more illustrious does he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah consist!

"Nothing (says LONGINUS) can be great, the contempt of which is great." The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. VIRGIL would never have

been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are both from reason and revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire of resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue—are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make, at that time when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by Gyges, Who was the happiest man?

replied AGLAUS. GYGES, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this AGLAUS should be. After much inquiry he was found to be an obscure country man, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden and a few acres of land about his house.

COWLEY's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

Thus AGLAUS (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
AGLAUS, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For GYGES, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise APOLLO's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
AGLAUS happier is. But GYGES cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can this AGLAUS be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this AGLAUS be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near SOPHO's town (which he but once had seen)
This AGLAUS, who monarch's envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty AGLAUS was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious GOD (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee),
So let me act, on such a private stage
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;
Of heav'nly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

NO. 611.—MONDAY, OCTOBER 25. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admorunt ubera tigres.
VIRG. ÆN. iv. 366.

Thou wretch! thy sire was Caucasus's hard rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

A LETTER FROM AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper, the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I FLATTER myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and, may say without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see, nor hear from me: and had it not been for a servant, who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my condition as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insup-

portable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is I labour under unsupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after till he unfortunately happened to see me in a front box sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practised all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion, he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous. They to whom he tells it think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next; till I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay, they report abominable falsehoods under that mistaken notion, 'She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred.' I beg you will let those who are guilty know how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and horror! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and I

am sure for the sake of several others who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a box on the ear, and not resent it.

Your constant reader

And admirer,

LESBIA.

"*P. S.* I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation last Wednesday in the Abbey."

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate LESBIA, that an insult upon a woman, in her circumstances, is as infamous in a man as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it the appellation of *Coward*.

A man, that can so far descend from his dignity as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex; because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor LESBIA is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows, that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentment sink and vanish away when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he

solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecillities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to show what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago, an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there? He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost: upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: "Stranger, thou art in my power; I am a murderer as thou art. Know, then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart. At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet."

NO. 612.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

MURRANUM hic, atavis et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.——

VIRG. ÆN. xii. 529.

MURRANUS, boasting of his blood that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone.

DRYDEN.

ON ANCESTRY.

IT is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well whether we would or not.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"WERE the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together under

the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as VIRGIL makes ÆNEAS look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in a review before his eyes, with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and emblems of disgrace? and how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure.

"In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register; and you are not left to imagine that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again; not unlike the old Appian-way, which after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

"I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman who is very far gone in this sort of family-madness. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the form of a tree upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

"We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who, I perceived, made my kinsman's heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased, when he found the alderman's father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright upon seeing

justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant-tailor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just a-going to cut him off if he had not seen *Gent.* after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen MARY, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing of sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight; but unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren: on the other hand, MARGERY the milk-maid being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welch heiress, with so many *ap's* upon it that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers; this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added Esq. at the end of each of them.

"This tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was within a few days transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait till his worship is ready to go to church; won-

dering that a man who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace."

NO. 613.—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29. 1714.

[FROM THE LETTER-BOX.]

——Studiis florentem ignobilis otî.

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 564.

Affecting studies of less noisy praise. DRYDEN.

LETTERS.

IT is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby both accruing to my readers and to myself. As, first, young and modest writers have an opportunity of getting into print: again, the town enjoys the pleasure of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of those lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence are such as these: I gain more time for future speculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a *Spectator* with little labour and great ostentation.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I WAS mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your sentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark: that while you write so pathetically on contentment, and a retired life, you soothe the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought

to be affected with them: and though light minds are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their character, did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. COWLEY, who tells the story of AGLAUS with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts, nor insensible of praise.

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not till after frequent disappointments that he termed himself the melancholy COWLEY; and he praised solitude, when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity; and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights to add to the splendor of the throne. Farewell then, dear SPEC, and believe me to be with great emulation, and no envy,

Your professed admirer,

WILL HOPELESS."

" SIR, Middle-Temple, October 26. 1714.

" THOUGH you have formerly made *Eloquence* the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making QUINTILIAN's rules their

practice, that, I dare say, for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than TULLY or DEMOSTHENES among the ancients, or whom you please among the moderns. The persons I am speaking of are our common beggars about this town; and that what I say is true, I appeal to any man who has a heart one degree softer than a stone. As for my part, who do not pretend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my chambers with money in my pocket, and returned to them not only pennyless, but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on those seeming objects of pity. In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from one of those despicable creatures, than in the eye of the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one a greater admirer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some directions in order to guard against those powerful orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary, but I must myself be forced to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of begging. But in whichsoever of these two capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant reader, and ever will be

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. B."

"SIR,

"UPON reading a *Spectator* last week, where Mrs FANNY FICKLE submitted the choice of a lover for life to your decisive determination, and imagining I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called for pen and ink in order to draw the characters of seven humble servants whom I have equally encouraged for some time But, alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable subject, and contriving an advantageous description of the dear person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glass. The sight of the small-pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the loss of my captivating arts, and my captives. The confusion I was in on this unhappy, unseasonable discovery, is

inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as triumphant in my conquests as ever.

" Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse myself on that pleasing subject, I resolved to apply myself to you, or your casuistical agent, for advice in my present circumstances. I am sensible the tincture of my skin, and the regularity of my features, which the malice of my late illness has altered, are irrecoverable ; yet do not despair but that loss, by your assistance, may in some measure be repairable, if you'll please to propose a way for the recovery of one only of my fugitives.

" One of them is in a more particular manner beholden to me than the rest ; he, for some private reasons, being desirous to be a lover *incognito*, always addressed me with *billet-doux*, which I was so careful of in my sickness, that I secured the key of my love-magazine under my head ; and hearing a noise of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my life by getting out of bed to prevent, if it had been attempted, the discovery of that amour.

" I have formerly made use of all those artifices which our sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it were, undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to my pew ; I have taken a pride in the number of admirers at my afternoon's levee ; but am now quite another creature. I think, could I regain the attractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors, I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an antipathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers, though I must needs own, I have thought it very odd of late, to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complacencies, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out of so dangerous a distemper : this, though I am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such advice from them rather seems to insult than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was ; which melancholy consideration I cannot yet per-

fectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this head will make it supportable.

"To shew you what a value I have for your dictates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his colours (if I may so call them now) before the winter is over, I'll voluntarily confine myself to a retirement, where I'll punish them all with my needle. I'll be revenged on them by decyphering them on a carpet, humbly begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed

By the unfortunate

MONIMIA."

NO. 614.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.] (*a*)

Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit,
Si non pertæsum thalami, tædæque fuisset;
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 15.

——Were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was the first;
To this one error I might yield again. DRYDEN.

QUERIES TO THE LOVE-CASUIST.

THE following account hath been transmitted to me by the Love-casuist.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"HAVING, in some former papers, taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, where I met with seve-

ral cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:

"Q. Whether AMORET be bound by a promise of marriage to PHILANDER made during her husband's life?

"Q. Whether SEMPRONIA, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty to choose which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

"CLEORA asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single, according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a diamond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful?

"Another inquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

"An unreasonable creature hath the confidence to ask whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

"A scrupulous well-spoken matron, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts whether she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two marriageable daughters till such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

"SOPHRONIA, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth, that whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed, whether she would not do prudently to marry CAMILLUS, a very idle tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers?"

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough, among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb-ring, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to

the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love, and those who raise compassion.

But not to ramble from this subject, there are two things in which consists chiefly the glory of a widow; the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children: to which may be added a third, arising out of the former, such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of ANDROMACHE; and had met with an universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr PHILIPS.

The most memorable widow in history is Queen ARTEMISIA, who not only erected the famous Mausoleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord; thereby inclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner, till they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples, out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy of our ancestors in relation to the state of widowhood, as I find it recorded in COWELL's *Interpreter*. "At East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench in all his copy-hold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*; that is, "while she lives single and chaste;" but if she commits incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she

will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound, by the custom, to re-admit her to her free bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my *Crincum Crancum*
Have lost my *Bincum Bancum*;
And for my tail's game
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr Steward, let me have
my land again.

The like custom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonshire, and other parts of the West.

It is not impossible but I may in a little time present you with a register of Berkshire ladies, and other western dames, who rode publicly upon this occasion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows (*b*).

NO. 615.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire. HOR. 4. OD. IX. 47.

Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
Who in a fix'd unalterable state
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loath to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

STEPNEY.

ON FEAR.

IT must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest virtues to sub-

due it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them; it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

O! nox, quam lona es, quæ facis una senem!

A tedious night indeed that makes a young man old.

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason, and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the apocryphal book of Wisdom, ascribed to SOLOMON.

"For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions.—For wickedness condemned by her own witness, is very timorous; and being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.—For the whole world shineth with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet

were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness."

To fear, so justly grounded, no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider, that there is nothing which deserves his fear but that benificent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any accidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by HORACE, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voices defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry JOVE,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little

circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may, by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place, we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition? Inquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment? Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased in his tender severity to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

NO. 616.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

MART. EPIG. X. I.

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

CANT LANGUAGE—FLIPPANCY.

CICERO hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features before it discovers itself in words, it raises too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour are no less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more strong than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty: and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened by that ridiculous phraseology which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

{Past two o'clock, and a frosty morning.}

"DEAR JACK,

"I have just left the right worshipful and his myrmidons about a sneaker of five gallons. The whole magis-

tracy was pretty well disguised before I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was half-seas over before the bonefire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

"At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tester a-piece. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of an hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their marrow-bones in Mother DAY's double. They whipped us half-a-dozen hogsheads.—Poor TOM TYLER had like to have been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the justice; but his clerk came in to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

"When I had been huzza'd out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs MAYORESS clipped the king's English. Clack was the word.

"I forgot to tell thee that every one of the posse had his hat cocked with a distich: the senators sent us down a cargo of ribband and metre for the occasion.

"Sir RICHARD (*a*), to show his zeal for the Protestant religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst them, and ambled in a country-dance as notably as the best of them.

"May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu."

NO. 617.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.] (*a*)

Torva Mimallones implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
BASSARIS, et lyncem MÆNAS flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adsonant echo.

PERS. SAT. i. 104.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and BASSARIS, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And MÆNAS, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes sound.

DRYDEN.

PEDANTIC CANT.

THERE are two extremes in the style of humour; one of which consists in the use of that little pert phraseology which I took notice of in my last paper; the other in the affectation of strained and pompous expressions, fetched from the learned languages. The first savours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than example, I shall here present my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the university to his friend, on the same occasion, and from the same place, as the lively epistle published in my last *Spectator*.

"DEAR CHUM, (*b*)

"IT is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of china, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor,

the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

"The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, whilst a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of stack faggots cheared the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze: the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the high street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tippled eleemosynary till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a pasteboard pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holines into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the *quorum*, who, by the help of his amanuensis, took down all their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter-sessions, &c. &c. &c."

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter the following copy of verses translated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The subject is an accident that happened under the reign of Pope Leo, when a firework, that had been prepared upon the castle of St Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author hath written his poem in the same kind of style as that I have already exemplified in prose. Every line in it is a riddle; and the reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice before he will know

that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and BACCHUS's cast-coat a hogshead, &c.

'Twas night, and heav'n, a CYCLOPS all the day,
And ARGUS now did countless eyes display;
In ev'ry window Rome her joy declares,
All bright, and studded with terrestrial stars.
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,
And round her neck the mingled lustre shines;
The Cynic's rolling tenement conspires
With BACCHUS his cast-coat, to feed the fires.
The pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,
The Tuscan pile did last its freight disclose,
Where the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna rise,
Whence giants sally, and invade the skies.
Whilst now the multitude expect the time,
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,
A thousand iron mouths their voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful harmony;
In treble notes the small artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the bass;
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and having giv'n
Proofs of its travail, sighs in flames to heav'n.
The clouds envelop'd heav'n from human sight,
Quench'd ev'ry star, and put out ev'ry light;
Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,
And in disdainful murmurs Rome defies;
Nor doth its answer'd challenge Rome decline;
But whilst both parties in full concert join,
While heav'n and earth in rival peals resound,
The doubtful cracks the hearer's sense confound;
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,
Or else the burst of cannon wounds their ear;
Whether clouds rag'd by struggling metals rent,
Or struggling clouds in Roman metals pent.
But O, my muse, the whole adventure tell,
As ev'ry accident in order fell.
Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tow'r surround,
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.
These know no spring, but when their bodies sprout
In fire, and shoot their gilded blossoms out;
When blazing leaves appear above their head,
And into branching flames their bodies spread,
Whilst real thunder splits the firmament,
And heav'n's whole roof in one vast cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd tongue amidst the rupture lolls,
Then drops, and on the airy turret falls.
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,
A thousand thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning archers upward fly,
Bright spears and shining spearmen mount on high,
Flash in the clouds, and glitter in the sky.

A seven-fold shield of spheres doth heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted weapons send;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their souls, their sulph'rous souls, and groan.
With joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous show,
While heav'n, that sat Spectator still 'till now,
Itself turn'd actor, proud to pleasure you;
And so 'tis fit, when LEO's fires appear,
That heav'n itself should turn an engineer;
That heav'n itself should all its wonders show,
And orbs above consent with orbs below.

NO. 618.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——— Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque siquis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propriora, putes hunc esse poëtam.

HOR I. SAT. iv. 40.

'Tis not enough the measur'd feet to close
Nor will you give a poet's name to those
Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.

ON EPISTOLARY VERSE.

" MR SPECTATOR,

You having, in your two last *Spectators*, given the town a couple of remarkable letters, in very different styles, I take this opportunity to offer to you some remarks upon the epistolary way of writing in verse. This is a species of poetry by itself, and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry that have ever fallen into my hands; neither has it in any age, or in any nation, been so much cultivated as the other several kinds of poesy. A man of genius may, if he pleases, write letters in verse upon all manner of subjects that are capable of being embellished with wit and language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But in speaking at present of epistolary poetry, I would be understood to mean only such writings in this kind as have been in use among the ancients, and have been copied from them by some moderns. These may be reduced into two classes: in the

one I shall range love-letters, letters of friendship, and letters upon mournful occasions: in the other, I shall place such epistles in verse as may properly be called familiar, critical, and moral; to which may be added letters of mirth and humour. OVID for the first, and HORACE for the latter, are the best originals we have left.

"He that is ambitious of succeeding in the Ovidian way, should first examine his heart well, and feel whether his passions (especially those of the gentler kind) play easy; since it is not his wit, but the delicacy and tenderness of his sentiments, that will affect his readers. His versification likewise should be soft, and all his numbers flowing and querilous.

"The qualifications requisite for writing epistles after the model given us by HORACE, are of a quite different nature. He that would excel in this kind must have a good fund of strong masculine sense: to this there must be joined a thorough knowledge of mankind, together with an insight into the business, and the prevailing humours of the age. Our author must have his mind well seasoned with the finest precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflections upon the bright and the dark sides of human life: he must be a master of refined raillery, and understand the delicacies, as well as the absurdities, of conversation: he must have a lively turn of wit, with an easy and concise manner of expression: every thing he says must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the air of a recluse, but appear a man of the world throughout. His illustrations, his comparisons, and the greatest part of his images, must be drawn from common life. Strokes of satire and criticism, as well as panegyric, judiciously thrown in, and as it were by the by, give a wonderful life and ornament to compositions of this kind. But let our poet, while he writes epistles, though never so familiar, still remember, that he writes in verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into prose and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing does necessarily require it. In this point HORACE hath been thought by some critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too ne-

gligent of his versification: of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

" All I have to add is, that both these manners of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive.

I am, &c."

I shall add an observation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime nature are often treated in the epistolary way with advantage, as in the famous epistle of HORACE to AUGUSTUS. The poet surprises us with his pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his subject than to have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the visit of a king *incognito*, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the subject hurries the poet into descriptions and sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural style of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, just published by Mr EUSDEN, on the king's accession to the throne; wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may see this rule very happily observed*.

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* Supposed by ADDISON.

NO. 619.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——————Dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.
VIRG. GEORG. ii. 369.

——————Exert a rigorous sway,
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

REMARKS ON LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE SPECTATOR.

I HAVE often thought, that if the several letters, which are written to me under the character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, insensibly along, through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a bookseller an alderman by the copy (*a*). I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owning the receipt of several letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

CLARISSA, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be eased in some scruples relating to the skill of astrologers—Referred to the dumb man for an answer.

J. C. who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to the love-casuist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish; it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26th, who complains of a harsh guardian, and an unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to the censor of small wares.

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of

the Sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to the society of reformers.

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, returned to the author.

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses which were denied a place in the university-book. Answer, *Nonum prematur in annum.*

To my learned correspondent who writes against masters gowns and poke-sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarves. Answer, I resolve not to raise animosities amongst the clergy.

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party-warmth. Answer, Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?

I desire TOM TRUELOVE (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the king of Sweden be living or dead, by whispering him in the ear, That I believe he is alive.

Let Mr DAPPERWIT consider, What is that long story of the cuckoldom to me?

At the earnest desire of MONIMIA's lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of The faithful CASTALIO.

The petition of CHARLES COCKSURE, which the petitioner styles *very reasonable*—Rejected.

The memorial of PHILANDER, which he desires may be dispatched out of hand—Postponed.

I desire S. R. not to repeat the expression *under the sun* so often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S. who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames—Not to be printed entire.

NO. 620.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15. 1714.

[BY MR. T. TICKEL.]

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.
VIRG. ÆN. vi. 791.
Behold the prince oft promised you before!

TICKEL'S POEM ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

HAVING lately presented my reader with a copy of verses full of the false sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent specimen of the true: though it hath not yet been published, the judicious reader will readily discern it to be the work of a master: and if he hath read that noble poem on the *Prospect of Peace**, he will not be at a loss to guess at the author.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN BRUNSWICK first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd ALCIDES, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the Pagan strain,
With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce LUCIFER in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some Druid to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view:
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human kind;
With secret grief his god-like soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sov'reign's way.

* By Mr TICKEL, No. 523.

Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd the Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway;
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy he spies
Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise;
Where ev'ry meadow, won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,
With fruits and flow'rs the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heav'n decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial LIBERTY!
Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
In Haga's tow'rs he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings;
Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended int'rests of mankind;
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks and streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pyrene, rise in vain.
But see! to BRITAIN's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking tow'rs and lessening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main;
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A wat'ry prospect bounded by the skies:
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.
Still it is thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs, just whit'ning to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoeing hills rebound;
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.
As in the flood he sails, from either side
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;

A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields
O'er rich inclosures and luxuriant fields:
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
(Shade above shade) now rises to the sight:
His woods ordain'd to visit ev'ry shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.
The sun now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fire renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge unfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
O! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the east breath'd out a prosp'rous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.
So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire;
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.
From that fair hill *, where hoary sages boast
To name the stars, and count the heav'nly host,
By the next dawn doth great AUGUSTA rise,
Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
A floating forest. From the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:
BRITANNIA's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain.
So haply through the heav'ns wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
And half heav'ns convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans BRITANNIA's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated pow'r he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.

* Flamstead house.

Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
Select to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, HALIFAX. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is BRITAIN's wealth consign'd.
Her coin (while NASSAU fought) debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd.
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding times shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.
The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign;
Bright CAROLINA's heav'nly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
Who sees by BRUNSWICK's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

NO. 621.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——————Postquam se lumine puro
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur et astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria——

LUCAN. IX. 11.

Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The sun and moving planets he beheld:
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.

ROWE.

ON SELF-ESTIMATION.

THE following letter having in it some observations out of the common road, I shall make it the entertainment of this day.

" MR SPECTATOR,

" THE common topics against the pride of man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory writers, are taken from the baseness of his original, the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration of those goods in which he makes his boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly therefore lies here: we are apt to pride ourselves in worthless, or perhaps shameful things; and, on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

" Hence it is that the lovers of praise take wrong measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find, that if others knew his weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the impudence to expect the public esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of reflection and ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge and humility come upon us together.

" The proper way to make an estimate of ourselves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A man who boasts of the goods of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is generally the mark of ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in ourselves what we are so ready to laugh at in other men.

" Much less can we with reason pride ourselves in those things which at some time of our life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give ourselves the trouble of looking backward and forward on the several changes which we have already undergone, and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater degrees of our knowledge and wisdom serve only to show us our own imperfections.

" As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our shame and regret for the rashness and extravagance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying reflections upon a life mispent in the pursuit of anxious wealth or uncertain honour. Agreeable to this gradation of thought in this life, it may be reasonably supposed, that, in a future state, the wisdom, the experience, and the maxims of old age, will be looked upon by a separate spirit in much the same light as an ancient man now sees the little follies and toyings of infants. The pomps, the honours, the policies, and arts of mortal men, will be thought as trifling as hoby-horses, mock-battles, or any other sports that now employ all the cunning, and strength, and ambition, of rational beings from four years old to nine or ten.

" If the notion of a gradual rise in beings, from the meanest to the most high, be not a vain imagination, it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a man, as a man doth upon a creature which approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule (if I may indulge my fancy in this particular) a superior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an inferior species. If they could reflect, we might imagine from the gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the sovereigns of the world, and that all things were made for them. Such a thought would not be more absurd in

brute creatures, than one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the stars in the firmament were created only to please their eyes, and amuse their imaginations. Mr DRYDEN, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose.

"Then turning, said to PARTLET, See, my dear,
How lavish nature hath adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and the violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me."

"What I would observe from the whole is this, That we ought to value ourselves upon those things only which superior beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own esteem hereafter."

NO. 622.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Fallentis semita vitæ. HOR. I. EP. XVIII. 103.

——A safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days. POOLY.

MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF REAL, THOUGH SECRET GOODNESS.

"MR SPECTATOR,

IN a former speculation, you have observed that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice, that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eyes of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

"When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, gene-

rous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher, under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him from these actions done in secret, and without a witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes."

MEMOIRS.

In my 22d year I found a violent affection for my cousin Charles's wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

A little after my return into England, at a private meeting with uncle Francis, I refused the offer of his estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his son Ned.

Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think hardly of his deceased father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very reason.

Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her, under hand, out of my own pocket, so much money yearly as the dispute was about.

Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is sister's son to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs ——, my friend H—'s widow.

Mem. To retrench one dish at my table till I have fetched it up again.

Mem. To repair my house and finish my gardens, in order to employ poor people after harvest-time.

Ordered JOHN to let out GOODMAN D—'s sheep that were pounded, by night; but not to let his fellow-servants know it.

Prevailed upon M. T. Esq; not to take the law of the farmer's son for shooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that confessed herself a witch.

Gave away my favourite dog for biting a beggar.

Made the minister of the parish and a whig justice of one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to one another.

Mem. To turn off PETER for shooting a doe while she was eating acorns out of his hand.

When my neighbour JOHN, who hath often injured me, comes to make his request to-morrow:

Mem. I have forgotten him.

Laid up my chariot, and sold my horses, to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

In the same year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

As I was airing to-day, I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

Mem. To charge my son, in private, to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my last will.

NO. 623.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.]

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel Pater Omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 24.

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging JOVE, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie;
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows shall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.

DRYDEN.

EXHIBITION OF INCONTINENT WIDOWS.

I AM obliged to my friend, the love-casuist, for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I shall communicate to the public in his own words.

"MR SPECTATOR,

"YOU may remember that I lately transmitted to you an account of an ancient custom, in the manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere, (NO. 614.) If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench, in all his copy-hold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*; that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to readmit her to her free-bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am:
And for my *Crincum Crancum*
Have lost my *Bincum Bancum:*
And for my tail's game
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr Steward, let me have my land again.

"After having informed you, that my lord COKE observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, that since the writing of that letter, I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the Black Ram; and have at last met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf for the space of a whole day. The record saith, that a strict inquisition having been made into the rights of the tenants to their several estates by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered upon the premisses: upon which the good women demanded the benefit of the ram. The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnabay-bright, that they might have day enough before them.

"The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people who came from all parts to see the solemnity, the first who entered was the widow FRONTLY, who had made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes, that finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing she might have further occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

"Mrs SARAH DAINTY, relict of Mr JOHN DAINTY (who was the greatest prude in the parish), came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *Clincum Clancum:* but the steward took care to make her speak plain English before he would let her have her land again.

"The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony: but the steward being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

"The fourth lady upon record was the widow OGLE, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years; but having been more kind to her carter JOHN, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

"Mrs SABLE, appearing in her weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical palfry, made a very decent figure in the solemnity.

"Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart, that the good 'squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

"Mrs QUICK, having nothing to object against the indictment pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed, that she might so contrive it as never to do the service of the manor.

"The widow FIDGIT, being cited into court, insisted that she had done no more since the death of her husband than what she used to do in his lifetime; and withal desired Mr Steward to consider his own wife's case, if he should chance to die before her.

"The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

"The widow MASKWELL, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

"Several widows of the neighbourhood being brought

upon their trial, shewed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

"A pretty young creature, who closed the procession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

"*N. B.* Mrs TOUCHWOOD appeared, according to summons, but had nothing laid to her charge: having lived irreproachably since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

I am, Sir, &c."

See Note on No. 614.

NO. 624.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria.—— HOR. 2. SAT. iii. 77.

Sit still and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving coin too well;
Whom luxury corrupts. CREECH.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr TILLOTSON, *fools at large*. They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue, but will leave them with this short saying of PLATO, that "labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall therefore compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reasonings, are willing to allow, that a course of virtue will, in the end, be rewarded the most amply; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects; they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of St PAUL's catalogue of sufferings. "In journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often." At how much less expence might he "lay up to himself treasures in heaven?" Or, if I may, in this place, be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may "provide such possessions as fear neither arms, nor men, nor JOVE himself."

In the second place, If we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal WOLSEY's complaint. "Had I served GOD with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age." The Cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of *serving his king*; where-

as his words, in the proper construction, imply, that if instead of being acted by ambition, he had been acted by religion, he should now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, Let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life: Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight, under so many disquiets, and the sports of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this: Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly, as of virtue and wisdom: and he hath this easy choice left him, whether with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

NO. 625.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——————Amores
De tenero meditatur ungui. HOR. 3. OD. vi. 23
Love from her tender years her thoughts employ'd.

A LETTER FROM A MISS OF THIRTEEN ABOUT MARRIAGE.

THE love-casuist hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his answers to each question, for my approbation. I have accordingly considered the se-

veral matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his answers, and require the gentle querist to conform herself thereunto.

" SIR,

" I WAS thirteen the ninth of November last, and must now begin to think of settling myself in the world; and so I would humbly beg your advice, what I must do with Mr FONDLE, who makes his addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, and hath the blackest eyes and whitest teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger brother he dresses like a man of quality, and nobody comes into a room like him. I know he hath refused great offers; and if he cannot marry me, he will never have any body else. But my father hath forbid him the house, because he sent me a copy of verses; for he is one of the greatest wits in town. My eldest sister, who, with her good will, would call me Miss as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them, that Mr FONDLE makes a fool of me, and will spoil the child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr FONDLE, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your answers to some questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the *Spectator;* and I do not doubt but you will give such advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

" When Mr FONDLE looks upon me for half an hour together, and calls me *angel*, is he not in love?

Answer, *No.*

" May not I be certain he will be a kind husband, that has promised me half my portion in pin-money, and to keep me a coach and six in the bargain.

No.

" Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole year almost, am not a better judge of his merit than my father and mother, who never heard him talk but at table?

No.

" Whether I am not old enough to chuse for myself?

No.

" Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a lock of his hair?

No.

" Should not I be a very barbarous creature, if I did not pity a man who is always sighing for my sake?

No.

" Whether you do not think, that if I won't have him he won't drown himself?

No.

" Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor man?

No.

" What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?

No.

The following letter requires neither introduction nor answer.

" MR SPECTATOR,

" I WONDER that, in the present situation of affairs, you can take pleasure in writing any thing but news: for in a word, who minds any thing else? The pleasure of increasing in knowledge and learning something new every hour of life, is the noblest entertainment of a rational creature. I have a very good ear for a secret, and am naturally of a communicative temper; by which means I am capable of doing you great services in this way. In order to make myself useful, I am early in the antichamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the beef-eaters, and take the buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my ear close to the wall, and suck in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole day, and have the news as it comes from court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no pains to know how the world goes. A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the tree, and to convey it to my friends before it is faded. Ac-

cordingly my expences in coach-hire make no small article; which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from coffee-house to coffee-house, and forestal the *Evening Post* by two hours. There is a certain gentleman who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at CHILD's. But I have played him a trick. I have purchased a pair of the best coach-horses Icould buy for money, and now let him outstrip me if he can. Once more, Mr SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in news. You may depend upon my assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

Your's in haste,

THO. QUIDNUNC.

See Note on No. 614.

NO. 626.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29. 1714.

[BY MR GROVE.]

——Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.

OVID. MET. iv. 284.

With sweet novelty your taste I'll please, EUSDEN.

ON NOVELTY.

I HAVE seen a little work of a learned man, consisting of extemporary speculations, which owed their birth to the most trifling occurrences of life. His usual method was, to write down any sudden start of thought which arose in his mind upon the sight of any odd gesticulation in a man, any whimsical mimicry of reason in a beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object of the visible creation. He was able to moralize upon a snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention by way of excuse for my ingenious correspondent, who hath in-

troduced the following letter by an image, which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

" MR SPECTATOR,

" WHEN I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety, at the same time that she moved mine, while the old granum hath sat by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that passed; it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of humours so opposite in two creatures between whom there was no visible difference but that of age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

" In every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world appear best pleased with their condition; for, besides that to a new-comer the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure. But as age advances, every thing seems to wither; the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind; the child, let him be free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy but a little punishment or confinement. The youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time: the man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition; and, lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own insupportable burden. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of being, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

" And as novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive influence, moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in propor-

tion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstances. What is it but novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence: hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and, as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affects us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

"It may be an useless inquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respect it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent: as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain, a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental), but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of GOD, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills

them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe, which ADAM felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms; and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it: in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupenduous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

"Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as CICERO takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chace, and that the understanding is prompted with a restless thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul, sunk into a state of sloth and indolence: it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass, that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries, in hopes of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that through a too great eagerness of something new we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve it; or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon

a fresh scent; in Mr LOCKE's words, 'We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion.'

"A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor: to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images, or more sublime satisfactions, than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: as how can it be otherwise, when by custom, a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

"To add no more, Is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity, than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country; continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of; 'Surely, say I to myself, life is vain, and the man beyond expres-

sion stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather—he is designed for immortality.'

NO. 627.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos
Assidue veniebat: ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.

VIRG. ECL. ii. 3.

He, underneath the beechen shade alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan. DRYDEN.

ACCOUNT OF A GENTLEMAN CROSSED IN LOVE.

THE following account, which came to my hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable entertainment to such of my readers as have tender hearts, and nothing to do.

" MR SPECTATOR,

" A FRIEND of mine died of a fever last week, which he caught by walking too late in a dewy evening amongst his reapers. I must inform you, that his greatest pleasure was in husbandry and gardening. He had some humours which seemed inconsistent with that good sense he was otherwise master of. His uneasiness in the company of women was very remarkable in a man of such perfect good-breeding, and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, where he had used to pass the greatest part of his time, raised abundance of idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we found out the reason, which he never intimated to his nearest friends. He was, it seems, a passionate lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters he left behind him are a witness. I send you a copy of the last he ever wrote upon that subject; by which you will find that he concealed the true name of his mistress under that of ZELINDA.

'A LONG month's absence would be insupportable to me, if the business I am employed in were not for the

service of my ZELINDA, and of such a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furnished the house exactly according to your fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment designed for your use is so exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myself in your house when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the most delicious prospect from your closet window that England affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the landscape that shows such variety did not at the same time suggest to me the greatness of the space that lies between us.

'The gardens are laid out very beautifully. I have dressed up every hedge in woodbines, sprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little paradise round me; yet I am still like the first man in my solitude, but half blest without a partner in my happiness. I have directed one walk to be made for two persons, where I promise ten thousand satisfactions to myself in your conversation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I soothed myself with the thought of your walking by my side. I have held many imaginary discourses with you in this retirement; and when I have been weary, have sat down with you in the midst of a row of jessamines. The many expressions of joy and rapture I use in these silent conversations have made me, for some time, the talk of the parish; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my case known to the whole neighbourhood.

'In planting of the fruit-trees, I have not forgot the peach you are so fond of. I have made a walk of elms along the river-side, and intend to sow all the place about with cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's house in the country.

'Oh, ZELINDA! what a scheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! What day-dreams do I indulge myself in! When will the six weeks be at an end, that lie between me and my promised happiness?

'How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more company in a crowd than I have in my solitude.

I am, &c.'

"On the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceased, the following piece of history.

'*Mem.* Having waited a whole week for an answer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happiness for myself in that retirement which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful woman.'

I am, &c."

NO. 628.—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR. I. EP. ii. 43.

It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.

ON ETERNITY.

"MR SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your speculations which please me more than those upon infinitude and eternity (*a*). You have already considered that part of eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your thoughts upon that which is to come.

"Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleasure from this view of eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a concern in that which is to come: whereas a speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

"Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive duration never to have an end; though, as you

have justly observed, that eternity which never had a beginning is altogether incomprehensible; that is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though we cannot an eternal duration which hath been; or, if I may use the philosophical terms, we may apprehend a potential, though not an actual, eternity.

"This notion of a future eternity, which is natural to the mind of man, is an unanswerable argument that he is a being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here; that he hath faculties improveable to all eternity; and by a proper or wrong employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite duration. Our idea indeed of this eternity is not of an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the object, which is too big for human comprehension. As we are now in the beginnings of existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a million or two of centuries, some considerable things, already past, may slip out of our memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a sun or planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the gaol, and find no proportion between that space which we know had a beginning, and what we are sure will never have an end.

"But I shall leave this subject entirely to your own management, and question not but you will throw it into such lights as shall at once improve and entertain your reader.

"I have, inclosed, sent you a translation of the speech of CATO on this occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which, for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.

ACTUS. I. SCENA. I.

CATO solus, &c.

Sic, sic, se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, PLATO.
Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique succinit, tua est eternitas.
Eternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine!
Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaqua patent
Immensa: sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clara vult videri singula.
Figendus hic pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus;
Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
(At quod gubernet esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certe non potest:
Nec esse non beata, qua gaudet, potest.
Sed qua beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est CÆSARIS.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor
[*Ensi manum admovens.*

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: hic ad exitum
Deducet ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior;
Ætate languens ipse sol obscurius
Emittet orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis; annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta divum est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,

Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &c.

It must be so——PLATO, thou reason'st well——
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where?—This world was made for CÆSAR.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

NO. 629.—MONDAY, DECEMBER 6. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.

JUV. SAT. I. 170.

——Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead. DRYDEN.

PLACE HUNTING.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain answer, with a denial in it, is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, while his enemies were in play, were certainly brought about by the malice of the opposite party. A bad cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toasting an outed ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, desired upon the merit of it to be made a justice of peace when his friends came into power; and shall never forget a Whig criminal, who upon being indicted for a rape, told his friend, "You see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles."

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretensions; but when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have rather ruined than promoted the interest they aim at (which hath always been the case of many great sufferers), they only serve to recommend them to the children of violence and folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of King CHARLES II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

* * * * * *

Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hogshead upon King CHARLES's birth-day, desired to be provided for, as his Majesty in his great wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince HENRY's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having cursed OLIVER CROMWELL the day before his death on a public bowling green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Esq; who desired the honour of knighthood for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious Roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of King CHARLES I. till the restoration of King CHARLES II. desired, in consideration thereof, to be made a privy counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial, setting forth, that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration; and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who therefore humbly prays to be made postmaster-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words *gallantry* and *gentleman-like* very often in his petition, begs that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my accoumt of this collection of memorials with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

The petition of E. H. Esq;

"HUMBLY SHEWETH,

"That your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left hand at Edgehill fight.

"That your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness

of his fortune (he being a younger brother), always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the Roundheads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names are under-written) are ready to testify.

"That your petitioner is remarkable in his country for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of divines, with brawn and minced pies upon new year's day.

"That your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several county gaols, for having been a ringleader in five different riots; into which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

"That he, the said E. H. hath had six duels, and four and twenty boxing-matches, in defence of his Majesty's title, and that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford upon Avon, as he hath been never the better of from that day to this.

"That your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

"Your petitioner, in consideration of his said merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for.

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c."

NO. 630.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Favete linguis—— HOR. 3. OD. i. 2.

With mute attention wait.

LETTERS.

HAVING no spare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters.

" SIR, *Oxford, November* 22.

" If you would be so kind to me as to suspend that satisfaction which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.

" I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good nature profess a dislike to music, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds: it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

" However, though some few, by their own, or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a distaste for those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment; yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least reason for dissatisfaction to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

" You have, I presume, already prevented me in an argument upon this occasion (which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater), that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations; as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, did as unanimously agree in this, as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

" I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion, that the pompous kind of music which is in use in foreign churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all wordly regards from off our hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that

in this short office of praise, the man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the joys of futurity.

" I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish (as they too often do) with a constant series of petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the LORD of Hosts described in the most expressive melody, without being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful Father, and not be softened into love towards him?

" As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be a hindrance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by our almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetical method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

" How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

" I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, where these harmonious beings are thus nobly described.

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No one exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in heaven.

" MR SPECTATOR,

" THE town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called *rattling clubs*; but what shocks me most is, they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence, as has given the partition, where they reside in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the *rattling pew*. These gay fellows, from humble lay-professions, set up for critics without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

" It is needless to observe, that the gentlemen, who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen, or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: If any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much warmth as our gladiators of Hockley in the Hole, and waiting like them for a hit: if one touches, all take fire, and their noddles instantly meet in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during

the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

" The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous, that no after explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

" Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought; a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

" I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing to the minister, to the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim; I shall only tell them, that as the Spanish cobler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him 'have some regard to the dignity of his family;' so they, as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week), are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws in this case made and provided.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. M."

NO. 631.—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Simplex munditiis.———— HOR. 1. OD. V. 5.
Charms neat without the help of art. CREECH.

ON CLEANLINESS.

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town some days since in a stage-coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau and a pretty young Quaker-woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat: his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear clean oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-coloured stuff in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases, all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upun cleanliness, which I shall consider as one of the half-virtues, as ARISTOTLE calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is

a mark of politeness; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

First, It is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, Cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

I might observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers; and shall observe in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by those objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law (and the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of *Deuteronomy* which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstitions.

A Dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected, that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

NO. 632.—MONDAY, DECEMBER 13. 1714.

[AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 545.

——The number I'll complete,
Then to obscurity well-pleas'd retreat.

ON THE LOVE OF ORDER.

THE love of symmetry and order, which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him sometimes into very whim-

sical fancies. "This noble principle (says a French author) loves to amuse itself on the most trifling occasions. You may see a profound philosopher (says he) walk for an hour together in his chamber, and industriously treading, at every step, upon every other board in the flooring." Every reader will recollect several instances of this nature without my assistance. I think it was GREGORIO LETI who had published as many books as he was years old (*a*); which was a rule he had laid down, and punctually observed to the year of his death. It was perhaps a thought of the like nature which determined HOMER himself to divide each of his poems into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. HERODOTUS has in the same manner adapted his books to the number of the muses; for which reason many a learned man hath wished there had been more than nine of that sisterhood.

Several epic poets have religiously followed VIRGIL as to the number of his books; and even MILTON is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve for no other reason; as COWLEY tells us, it was his design, had he finished his *Davideis*, to have also imitated the *Æneid* in this particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reason; and, with due respect to these great names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great examples in defence of my bookseller, who occasioned this eighth volume of Spectators; because, as he said, he thought seven a very odd number. On the other side, several grave reasons were urged on this important subject: as, in particular, that seven was the precise number of the wise men, and that the most beautiful constellation in the heavens was composed of seven stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted that seven was an odd number; suggesting, at the same time, that if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet to its proper author (*b*).

It were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the SPECTATOR's correspondents than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new.

"MR SPECTATOR, Dublin, Nov. 30. 1714.

"YOU lately recommended to your female readers the good old custom of their grandmothers, who used to lay out a great part of their time in needle-work: I entirely agree with you in your sentiments, and think it would not be of less advantage to themselves, and their posterity, than to the reputation of many of their good neighbours, if they passed many of those hours in this innocent entertainment, which are lost at the tea-table.—I would, however, humbly offer to your consideration the case of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any advice given them by the SPECTATOR, yet cannot so easily quit their pen and ink as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of fancy, when they are tired with stooping to their tapestry. There is a very particular kind of work, which of late several ladies here in our kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a poetical genius; it is the making of grottos. I know a lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by herself, nor is there one shell in it not stuck up by her own hands. I here send you a poem to the fair architect, which I would not offer to herself till I knew whether this method of a lady's passing her time were approved of by the British SPECTATOR, which, with the poem, I submit to your censure, who am,

Your constant reader,

And humble servant,

A. B."

To Mrs ——, on her Grotto.

" A grotto so complete, with such design,
What hands, CALYPSO, could have form'd but thine?
Each chequer'd pebble, and each shining shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprising lustre from thy thought receive,
Assuming beauties more than nature gave.
To her their various shapes and glossy hue,
Their curious symmetry, they owe to you.
Not fam'd AMPHION's lute, whose pow'rful call
Made willing stones dance to the Theban wall,
In more harmonious ranks could make them fall.
Not ev'ning cloud a brighter arch can show,
Nor richer colours paint the heav'nly bow.
Where can unpolish'd nature boast a piece,
In all her mossy cells, exact as this?
At the gay party-colour'd scene we start,
For chance too regular, too rude for art.
Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd breast is fir'd
With hints like those which ancient bards inspir'd;
All the feign'd tales by superstition told,
All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,
Th' enthusiastic muse believes are true,
Thinks the spot sacred, and its genius you.
Lost in wild rapture, would she fain disclose
How by degrees the pleasing wonder rose:
Industrious in a faithful verse to trace
The various beauties of the lovely place;
And while she keeps the glowing work in view,
Through ev'ry maze thy artful hand pursue.
Oh were I equal to the bold design,
Or could I boast such happy art as thine!
That could rude shells in such sweet order place,
Give common objects such uncommon grace!
Like them my well-chose words in ev'ry line,
As sweetly temper'd, should as sweetly shine.
So just a fancy should my numbers warm,
Like the gay piece should the description charm.
Then with superior strength my voice I'd raise,
The echoing grotto should approve my lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung founder's praise."

NO. 633.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15. 1714.

[BY DR PEARCE.]

> Omnia profecto, cum se a cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet. CICERO.
>
> When a man descends from the contemplation of the heavenly bodies to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner.

ON CHRISTIANITY.

THE following discourse is printed as it came to my hands without variation.

Cambridge, December 11.

"It was a very common inquiry among the ancients, why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of HERODOTUS, who says that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely continued. The historian instances in a hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all power of conception. But leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion that in these latter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had. And since that solemn festival is approaching, which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us; the design of this paper shall be to show, that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

"The first great and substantial difference is, that their common-places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of

duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature, and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If PERICLES, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolutions of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject; what may be expected from that orator who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence, which is indeed its master-piece: I mean the marvellous or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration. TULLY requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies; because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined

by the separation of soul and body: but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that APELLES painted ANTIGONUS with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator, in his philosophical discourses, is led, by his argument, to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awaked out of sleep: roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fixed with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth, as he was, to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the resurrection and the judgment that follows it? How had his breast glowed with pleasure when the whole compass of futurity lay open and exposed to his view? How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation? How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours?

"This advantage Christians have; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of LONGINUS, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the *New Testament* in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, 'Add to these PAUL of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved.' As a heathen,

he condemns the Christian religion; and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter part of his judgement adds great weight to his opinion of St PAUL's abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle. And, no doubt, such as LONGINUS describes St PAUL, such he appeared to the inhabitants of those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him MERCURY, 'because he was the chief speaker,' and would have paid divine worship to him, as to the god who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of DEMOSTHENES and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of GOD. What advantage then had St PAUL above those of Greece or Rome? I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on the hearers; which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions, as the disciples, who met our Saviour in their way to Emaus, made use of; 'Did not our hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?' I may be thought bold in my judgment by some: but I must affirm, that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember, what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections, and strokes of oratory, were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore here, was the effect of his exact conformity to the

laws. But his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before AGRIPPA upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great; and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have no farther to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St PAUL's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature (as he himself tells us), was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion: I say, our clergy may learn, that however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition; which St PAUL has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to."

NO. 634.—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17. 1714.

[BY ADDISON.]

Ὁ ελαχίσων δεόμενος εγγίσα θεων. SOCRATES APUD XENOPH.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

IMITATION OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

IT was the common boast of the Heathen philosophers, that, by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight, when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. LONGINUS excuses HOMER very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods: but it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted, as CICERO wishes HOMER had done; they endeavoured rather to make men like gods, than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of

pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul, as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires, that after having framed the best idea we are able of the Divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it, as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage to this purpose out of JULIAN's *Cæsars*. That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with ALEXANDER the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting ALEXANDER, JULIUS CÆSAR, AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, TRAJAN, MARCUS AURELIUS, and CONSTANTINE. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, enquire, by MERCURY, into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. ALEXANDER tells them, that his aim was to conquer; JULIUS CÆSAR, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; AUGUSTUS, to govern well; TRAJAN, that his was the same as that of ALEXANDER, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to MARCUS AURELIUS; who, replied, with great modesty, "That it had always been his care to imitate the gods." This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assem-

bly. MARCUS AURELIUS being afterwards asked to explain himself declares, that by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a Heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of JUPITER; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the Heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation, in that Being, who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life, we are subject to innumerable temptations, which, if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz. "Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them."

NO. 635.—MONDAY, DECEMBER 20. 1714.

[BY MR H. GROVE.]

Sentio te sedem hominum ac domum contemplari: quæ si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cælestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito. CICERO SOMN. SCIP.

I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which, if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.

ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE DIVINITY DISPLAYED IN THE CREATION.

THE following essay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon *novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator* (NO.

626): the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but as they contribute to raise the mind, and may inspire noble sentiments of our own future grandeur and happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the public.

If the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence, to be informed what effects were within its reach: the world as existing in his eternal idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view; it being impossible that the great Author of nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect, that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasured interval, not to be filled up in endless ages; for which reason the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

This thought hath made some imagine (what, it must be confessed, is not impossible), that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice, that the consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a world of inanimate matter, however diversified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes; so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works than from the survey of his own ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capa-

ble of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who, when considered as on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever master of, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence: but, with this, his organs, in their present structure, are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile body, than to minister to his understanding; and from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him, which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote spaces of the heavens; and when with a great deal of time and pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with senses, and other helps, for making the quickest and most amazing discoveries. How doth such a genius as Sir ISAAC NEWTON (*a*), from amidst the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species? The vast machine we inhabit lies open to him; he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while, with the transport of a philosopher, he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind? and how obscure to the compass that is taken in by the ken of an angel, or of a soul but newly escaped from its imprisonment in the body? For my part, I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur: it pleases me to

think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, visit the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the order and measure the magnitudes and distances of those orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependence of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough, to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for, besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of GOD, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering nor hiding himself; by which means the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come, when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates; when deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits, and the few wise who followed the guidance of heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his pre-

sence; when, in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies, or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of social beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances are of a nobler order, so, be sure, their manner of intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication we call intellectual vision, as somewhat analagous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can GOD make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge; to have a just idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive, will be a fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair examplar of it in the divine mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

APPENDIX.

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

NO. 556.

(*a*) In JOHNSON's Lives the following papers in this volume are given to ADDISON, viz. No. 556. 557. 558. 559. 561. 562. 565. 567. 568. 569. 571. 574. 575. 579. 580. 582. 583. 584. 585. 590. 591. 598. and 600.——but several others are undoubtedly his.

In the seven preceding volumes of the *Spectator* the papers were published every day, Sunday excepted; those in this eighth volume came out only three times a-week. STEELE, it is said, had no concern in this last volume, which we are told was chiefly composed by ADDISON and Mr EUSTACE BUDGELL. There are none of the papers in it lettered at the end, as they are in the other seven volumes. ADDISON produced more thon a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. —Dr JOHNSON thought this volume more valuable than any one of those that went before it. ADDISON's papers in it are marked on the authority of Mr TICKELL.

NO. 557.

(*a*) Archbishop TILLOTSON, vol. ii. ser. 1.

NO. 567.

(*a*) MARLBOROUGH, Treasurer.

NO. 580.

(*a*) See Nos. 565. 571. 590. and 628. on the same subject.

NO. 583.

(*a*) In the *Spectator*, in folio, there is the following notandum annexed to this paper. *Persian Tales*, vol. ii. translated by Mr PHILIPS, author of the *Pastorals* and *The Distressed Mother*. N. B. To prevent gentlemen being mistaken who have bought the first volume, this is to inform them, that the edition of the *Persian* and *Turkish Tales*, this day published in two vols, is not translated by Mr PHILIPS, but by an unknown hand.

NO. 588.

(*a*) Mr HOBBES is said by many to have been irreproachable in his life, whatever his writings may be.

NO. 596.

(*a*) A pole, being the common sign of a barber's shop.

NO. 604.

(*a*) The hirelings of the Administration in the last years of the Queen's reign, were supposed to be Dr SWIFT, PRIOR, ATTERBURY, Dr FRIEND, Dr KING, Mr OLDISWORTH, and the writers of the *Examiner*.

NO. 606.

(*a*) Meaning the general mourning for the death of Queen ANNE, who died August 1. 1714.

NO. 607.

(*a*) There was an institution of the same kind at Dunmowe in Essex.

The claimant was to make oath before the Prior of the convent and the whole town, kneeling in the church-yard on two sharp-pointed stones.

The form of the oath was as follows:

" You shall swear by custom of confession
If ever you made nuptial transgression,
Be ye either married man or wyfe,
By household brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwyse at bed or at boord
Offend each other in deed or in word:
Or synce the parish clerck said Amen,
You wish yourselves unmarried agen;
Or in a twelve months tyme and a day
Repented not in thought any manner of way;
But continued true and just in desyre,
As when you joined hands in the holy quuyre.
If to these conditions, without all feare,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;
You shall of our Bacon of Dunmowe receive,
And bear it from hence with love and good leave.
For this is our custom of Dunmowe well-known,
Though the pastime be our's, the Bacon's your own."

LELAND's *Itinerary*, vol. iii. p. 5. & *seqq*. 2d *Edit*. by HEARNE, 1744.

(*b*) Villain, *Villanus*, was a villager or country peasant. When their situation, at a later period, became worse, Villain became a term of reproach; they were then merely slaves.—When any

escaped from service, the punishment was to bring him back by the nose: hence, to pull a freeman by the nose was to treat him like a *villain*.

NO. 614.

(*a*) See Nos. 591. 602. 605. 623. and 625. The papers of the Love-Casuist are supposed to be Mr E. BUDGELL's.

(*b*) See JACOB's *Law Dictionary*, art. Free-bench. They are copy-lands which the wife, being married a virgin, hath, after the decease of her husband, for her dower.

NO. 616.

(*a*) This could not be STEELE, as asserted by a former annotator: STEELE was not knighted till the April following. See *Biography*, vol. i. p. 137.

NO. 617.

(*a*) This letter and the foregoing paper were dated from Stock-bridge, the place for which Sir R. STEELE was Member of Parliament.

(*b*) A cant word for a chamber-companion, or bed-fellow at college.

NO. 619.

(*a*) In allusion to JOHN BARBER, who had been a bookseller, was at this time an Alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London.

NO. 620.

(*a*) Meditations, &c. by the Honourable ROBERT BOYLE.

NO. 628.

(*a*) These are Nos. 565. 571. 580. and 590.

NO. 632.

(*a*) This writer boasted that he was the author of a book and the father of a child for 20 years successively.

(*b*) This promise was never fulfilled; so that many of the papers of this 8th volume remain still unclaimed by any author.

NO. 635.

(*a*) Sir ISAAC was at this time in the full vigour of his intellectual faculties, and remarkable for his modesty, assailed as it was by the publication of the highest possible commendations of him every where.

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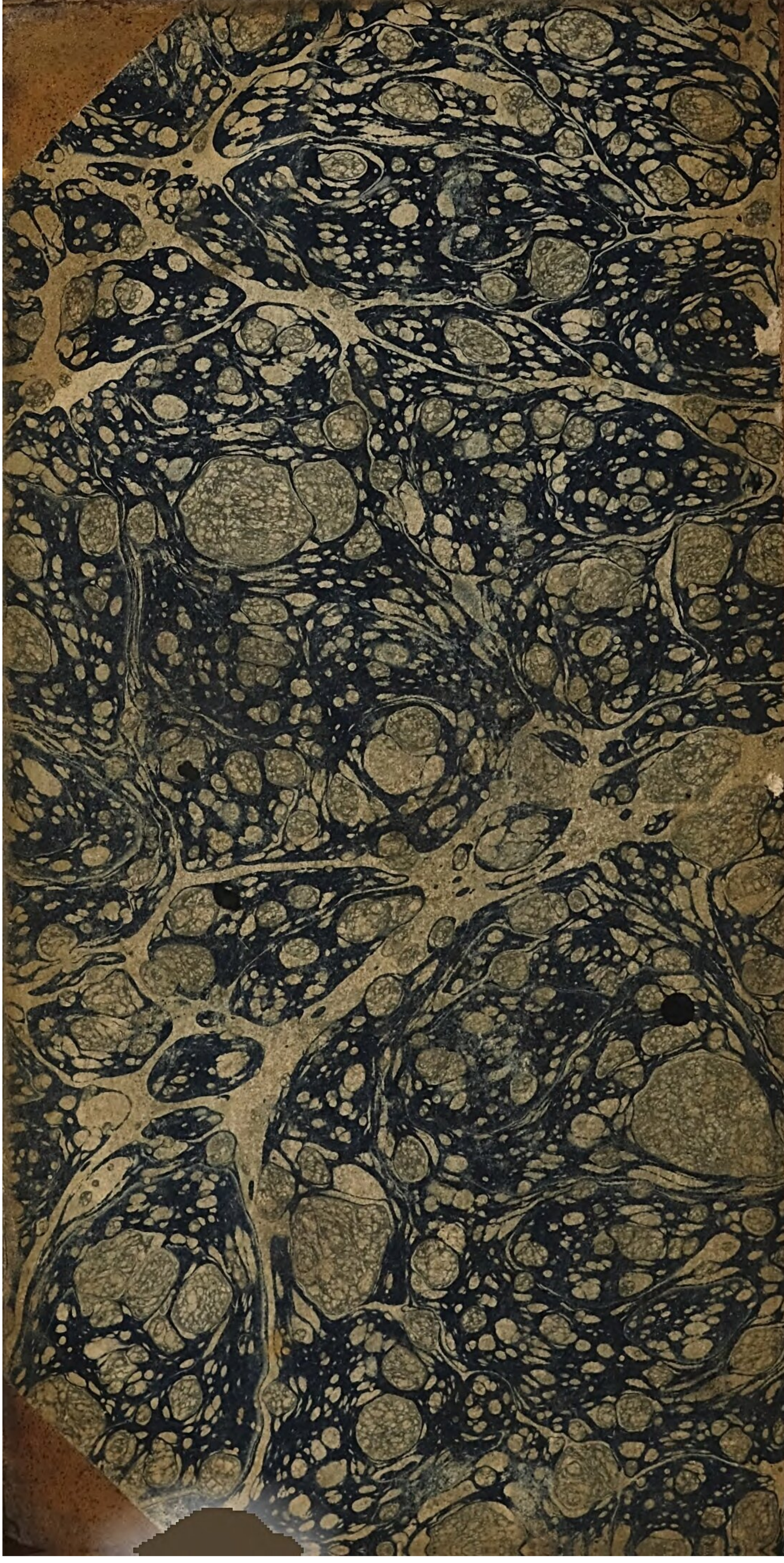

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